The Tragedie of Maſter *Arden* of Feverſham.

Enter Maſter Arden *and Maſter* Franklin.

Fran. *Arden*, cheere up thy ſpirits & droupe no more:
My gracious Lord the Duke of *Sommerſet*
Hath freely given to thee and to thine heires,
By Letters Patents of his Majeſtie,
All the lands of the Abby of *Feverſham.* (theKings,
Here are the deeds ſealed and ſubſcribed with his name and
Reade them and leave this melancholy moode.

Arden. *Franklin*, thy love prolongs my weary life,
And but for thee, how odious were this life:
That ſhowes me nothing, but torments my ſoule,
And thoſe foule objects that offend mine eyes,
Which makes me wiſh that for this vale of Heaven,
The earth hung over my head and covered me.
Love-Letters paſt twixt *Mosbie*, and my wife,
And they have privie meetings in the Towne:
Nay, on his finger did I ſpie the Ring,
Which at our marriage the Prieſt put on,
Can any grife be halfe ſo great as this?

Fran. Comfort thy ſelfe ſweet friend, it is not ſtrange,
That women will be falſe and wavering.

Arden. I, but to doate on ſuch a one as he
Is monſtrous, *Franklin*, and intolerable.

Franklin. Why, what is he?

Arden. A Botcher, and no better at the firſt,
Who by baſe brocage, getting ſome ſmall ſtocke,
Crept into ſervice of a Noble man:
And by his ſervile flattery and fawning,
Is now become the ſteward of his houſe,
And bravely jets it in his ſilken gowne.

Fran. No Noble man will countenance ſuch a peaſant.

Ard. Yes, the Lord *Clifford*, he that loves not me,
But through his favour let not him grow proud,
For were he by the Lord Protector backt,
He ſhould not make me to be pointed at:
I am by birth a Gentleman of blood,
And that injurious ribald that attempts,
To violate my deare wifes chaſtity,
(For deare I hold her love, as deare as heaven)
Shall on the bed which he thinkes to defile,
See his diſſevered joints and ſinewes torne,
Whil'ſt on the planchers, pants his weary body,
Smeard in the channels of his luſtfull blood.

Fran. Be patient, gentle friend, and learne of me,
To eaſe thy griefe, and ſave her chaſtity:
Intreate her faire, ſweet words are fitteſt engines
To race the flint-wals of a womans breſt:
In any caſe be not too jealous,
Nor make no queſtion of her love to thee,
But as ſecurely, preſently take horſe,
And lie with me at London all this tearme,
For women when they may, will not,
But being kept back, ſtraight grow outragious.

Ard. Though this abhorres from reaſon, yet Ile trie it,
And call her forth, and preſently take leave: How *Alice*.

Here enters Alice.

Alice. Husband, what meane you to riſe ſo early?
Summer-nights are ſhort, and yet you riſe ere day,
Had I beene wake, you had not riſe ſo ſoone.

Ard. Sweet Love, thou knowſt that we two *Ovid* like,
Have often chid the morning, when it gan to peepe,
And often wiſht that darke nights purblind ſteeds,
Would pull her by the purple mantle backe:
And caſt her in the Ocean to her Love.
But this night ſweet *Alice* thou haſt kild my heart,
I heard thee call on *Mosbie* in thy ſleepe.

Alice. Tis like I was aſleepe when nam'd him,
For being awake, he comes not to my thoughts.

Arden. I, but you ſtarted up, and ſuddenly
In ſtead of him, caught me about the necke.
Alice. In ſtead of him? why, who was there but you,
And where but one is, how can I miſtake.
Fran. *Arden* leave to urge her over-farre.
Ard. Nay Love, there is no credit in a dreame,
Let it ſuffice, I know thou loveſt me well.
Alice. Now I remember where-upon it came,
Had we no talke of *Mosbie* yeſternight?
Fran. Miſtris *Alice*, I heard you name him once or twice.
Alice. And thereof came it, and therefore blame not me,
Ard. I know it did, and therefore let it paſſe,
I muſt to London ſweet Alice preſently.
Alice. But tell me, doe you meane to ſtay there long?
Ard. No longer there till my affaires be done.
Fran. He will not ſtay above a month at moſt.
Alice. A moneth, aye me, ſweet *Arden* come againe
Within a day or two, or elſe I die.
Arden. I cannot long be from thee, gentle Alice,
Whileſt, *Michael*, fetch our horſes from the field,
Franklin and I will downe unto the Key:
For I have certaine goods there to unloade,
Meane-while prepare our breakfaſt, gentle *Alice*,
For yet ere noone wee'l take horſe and away.

Exeunt Arden *and* Franklin.

Alice. Ere noone he meanes to take horſe and away:
Sweet newes is this. Oh that ſome airie ſpirit
Would in the ſhape and likenes of a horſe
Gallop with *Arden* croſſe the Ocean,
And throw him from his backe into the waves.
Sweet *Mosbie* is the man that hath my heart:
And he uſurpes it, having nought but this,
That I am tyed to him by marriage.
Love is a God, and marriage is but words,
And therefore *Mosbies* title is the beſt.
Tuſh, whether it be or no, he ſhall be mine,
In ſpight of him, of *Hymen*, and of Rites.

Here enters Adam *of the Flowre-de-lues.*

And here come *Adam* of the Flowre-de-luce,
I hope he brings me tidings of my Love.
How now *Adam*, what is the newes with you?
Be not afraid, my husband is now from home.

Adam. He whom you wot of, *Mosbie*, Miſtris *Alice*,
Is come to Towne, and ſends you word by me,
In any caſe you may not viſit him.

Alice. Not viſit him?

Adam. No, nor take no knowledge of his being here.

Alice. But tell me, is he angry or diſpleaſed?

Adam. Should ſeeme ſo, for he is wondrous ſad.

Alice. Were he as mad as raving *Hercules*,
Ile ſee him, I, and were thy houſe of force,
Theſe hands of mine ſhould raze it to the ground,
Vnles that thou would'ſt bring me to my Love.

Adam. Nay, and you be ſo impatient, Ile be gone.

Alice. Stay, *Adam*, ſtay, thou wert wont to be my friend:
Aske *Mosbie* how I have incurred his wrath,
Beare him from me theſe paire of ſilver dice,
With which we plaid for kiſſes many a time,
And when I loſt, I wan, and ſo did he:
Such winning and ſuch loſing, *Jove* ſend me,
And bid him, if his love doe not decline,
To come this morning but along my dore:
And as a ſtranger, but ſalute me there,
This may he doe without ſuſpect or feare.

Adam. Ile tell him what you ſay, and ſo farewell.

Exit Adam.

Alice. Doe, and one day Ile make amends for all:
I know he loves me well, but dares not come,
Becauſe my husband is ſo jealous:
And theſe my narrow prying neighbours blab,
Hinder our meetings when we ſhould conferre.
But if I live, that blocke ſhall be removed,
And *Mosbie*, thou that comeſt to me by ſtealth,
Shalt neither feare the biting ſpeech of men,

Nor

Nor *Ardens* lookes, as surely shall he die,
As I abhorre him, and love none but thee.
Here enters Michaell.
How now *Michael*, whither are you going?
Michael. To fetch my Masters Nagge,
I hope youle thinke on me.
Alice. I, but *Michael*, see you keepe your oath,
And be as secret as you are resolute.
Mich. Ile see he shall not live above a weeke.
Alice. On that condition *Michael*, here is my hand,
None shall have *Mosbies* sister but thy selfe.
Michael. I understand, the Painter here hard by
Hath made report that he and *Sue* are sure.
Alice. There's no such matter, *Michael*, beleeve it not.
Mich. But he hath sent a dagger sticking in a heart,
With a verse or two stolne from a painted cloth:
The which I heare the wench keepes in her chest.
Well, let her keepe it, I shall finde a fellow
That can both write and reade, and make rime too,
And if I doe, well, I say no more:
Ile send from London such a taunting Letter,
As shall eate the heart he sent with salt,
And fling the dagger at the Painters head.
Alice. What needs all this? I say *Susan's* thine.
Mich. Why, then I say, that I will kill my Master,
Or any thing you will have me doe.
Alice. But *Michael*, see you doe it cunningly.
Mich. Why, say I should be tooke Ile ne're confesse,
That you know any thing, and *Susan* being a maide,
May beg me from the gallows of the Shriefe.
Alice. Trust not to that, *Michael*.
Mich. You cannot tell me, I have seene it I.
But Mistris, tell her whether I live or die,
Ile make her more worth then twenty Painters can,
For I will rid my elder brother away:
And then the Farme of Bolton is mine owne.
Who would not venture upon house and land?

When

When he may have it for a right-downe blow.

Here enters Mosbie.

Alice. Yonder comes *Mosbie*, *Michael* get thee gone,
And let not him, nor any know thy drifts.

Exit Michael.

Mosbie my Love.

Mosb. Away I say, and talke not to me now.

Alice. A word or two, sweet-heart, and then I will,
Tis yet but early dayes, thou need'st not feare.

Mosb. Where is your husband?

Alice. Tis now high-water, and he is at the Key.

Mosb. There let him be, hence forward know me not.

Alice. Is this the end of all thy solemne oathes?
Is the fruit thy reconcilement buds?
Have I for this given thee so many favours,
Incur'd my husbands hate, and out alas!
Made shipwracke of mine honour for thy sake,
And doest thou say, hence-foreward know me not?
Remember when I lockt thee in my Closet,
What were thy words and mine? did we not both
Decree, to murder *Arden* in the night?
The heavens can witnes, and the world can tell,
Before I saw that falshood looke of thine,
'Fore I was tangled with thy tising speech,
Arden to me was dearer then my soule,
And shall be still, base peasant get thee gone,
And boast not of thy conquest over me,
Gotten by witch-craft, and meere sorcerie.
For what hast thou to countenance my love,
Being descended of a Noble house,
And matcht already with a Gentleman,
Whose servant thou maist be, and so farewell.

Mosb. Vngentle, and unkinde *Alice*, now I see
That which I ever feard, and finde too true:
A womans love is as the lightning flame,
Which even in bursting forth consumes it selfe.
To trie thy constancy have I beene strange,

Would

Would I had never tried, but lived in hope.
Alice. What needs thou try me, whom thou never found (false,
Mosb. Yet pardon me, for love is jealous.
Alice. So lists the Sayler to the Mermaides song,
So lookes the traveller to the Basiliske,
I am content for to be reconcilde,
And that I know will be mine overthrow.
Mosb. Thine overthrow? first let the world dissolve.
Alice. Nay *Mosbie*, let him still enjoy thy Love,
And happen what will, I am resolute,
My saving husband hoords up bags of gold,
To make our children rich, and now is he
Gone to unloade the goods that shall be thine,
And he and *Franklin* will to London straight.
Mosb. To London, *Alice*, if thow'lt be ruld by me,
Weele make him sure enough for comming there.
Alice. Ah, would we could.
Morb. I happen'd on a Painter yester-night,
The onely cunning man of Christendome:
For he can temper poyson with his oyle,
That whoso looks upon the worke he drawes,
Shall with the beames that issue from his sight,
Sucke venome to his brest and slay himselfe.
Sweet *Alice*, he shall draw thy conterfet,
That *Arden* may by gazing on it perish.
Alice. I, but *Mosbie*, that is dangerous,
For thou or I, or any other else,
Comming into the chamber where it hangs, may die.
Mosb. I, but weele have it covered with a cloth,
And hung up in the study for himselfe.
Alice. It may not be, for when the picture's drawne,
Arden I know will come and shew it me.
Mosb. Feare not, weele have that shall serve the turne,
This is the Painters house, Ile call him forth.
Alice. But *Mosbie*, Ile have no such picture, not I.
Mosb. I pray thee leave it to my discretion? How. *Clarke.*

Here enters Clarke.

O you are an honeſt man of your word, you ſeru'd me well,
Clarke. Why ſir, Ile doe it for you at any time.
Prouided as you have given your word,
I may have *Suſan Mosbie* for my wife:
For as ſharpe-witted Poets, whoſe ſweet verſe
Make heavenly Gods breake off their Nectar draughts,
And lay their eares downe to the lowly earth:
Vſe humble promiſe to their ſacred Muſe,
So we that are the Poets favorites;
Muſt have a Love, I, Love is the Painters Muſe,
That makes him frame a ſpeaking countenance,
A weeping eye that witneſſeth hearts griefe.
Then tell me Maſter *Mosbie*, ſhall I haue her?
Alice. Tis pitty but he ſhould, hele uſe her well.
Mosb. Clarke, heer's my hand, my ſiſter ſhall be thine.
Clarke. Then brother, to requite this courteſie,
You ſhall command my life, my skill, and all.
Alice. Ah that thou couldſt be ſecret.
Mosb. Feare him not, leave, I have talkt ſufficient.
Clarke. You know not me that aske ſuch queſtions:
Let it ſuffice, I know you love him well,
And faine would have your husband made away:
Wherein truſt me, you beare a noble minde,
That rather then you'l live with him you hate,
Youle venture life, and die with him you loue,
The like will I doe for my *Suſans* ſake.
Alice. Yet nothing could inforce me to the deed,
But *Mosbies* love, might I without controule
Enjoy thee ſtill, then *Arden* ſhould not die.
But ſeeing I cannot, therefore let him die.
Mosb. Enough, ſweet *Alice*, thy kind words make me melt,
Your tricke of poyſoned pictures we diſlike,
Some other poyſon would doe better farre.
Alice. I, ſuch as might be put into his broth,
And yet in taſte not to be found at all.
Clarke. I know your minde, and here I have for you,
Put but a dram of this into his drinke,

Or

Or any kinde of broth that he shall eate,
And he shall die within an houre after.
Alice. As I ama Gentlewoman, *Clarke*, next day
Thou and *Susan* shall be married. *Clarke.*
Mosb. And Ile make her dowry more then Ile talke of
Clarke. Yonder's your husband, *Mosbie* Ile be gone.
Here enters Arden *and* Franklin.
Alice. In good time, see where my husband comes,
Master *Mosbie*, aske him the question your selfe.
Exit Clarke.
Mosb. Master *Arden*, being at London yester night,
The Abby lands, whereof you are now possest,
Were offred me on some occasion,
By *Greene*, one of sir *Antony Agers* men:
I pray you sir tell me, are not the lands yours?
Hath any other interest therein?
Arden. *Mosbie*, that question weele decide anon,
Alice, make ready my breakefast, I must hence.
Exit Alice.
As for the lands, *Mosbie*, they are mine,
By Letters patents of his Majestie:
But I must have a Mandat for my wife,
They say you seeke to rob me of her love:
Villaine, what makest thou in her company?
She's no companion for so base a groome.
Mosbie. *Arden*, I thought not on her, I came to thee,
But rather then Ile put up this wrong ——
Franklin. What will you doe sir?
Mosb. Revenge it on the proudest of you both.
Then Arden *drawes forth* Mosbies *sword.*
Arden. So sirra, you may not weare a sword,
The Statute makes against Artificers,
I warrant that I doe, now use your bodkin,
Your Spanish needle, and your pressing iron.
For this shall goe with me, and marke my words,
You good man botcher, 'tis to you I speake,
The next time that I take thee neere my house,

In ſtead of legs Ile make thee crawle on ſtumps.
Mosb. Ah maſter *Arden*, you have injur'd me,
I doe appeale to God, and to the world.
Fran. Why, canſt thou deny, thou wert a botcher once?
Mosb. Meaſure me what I am, not what I was.
Ard. Why, what art thou now? but a Velvet drudge,
A cheating ſteward, and baſe-minded peaſant.
Mosb. Arden, now thou haſt belcht and vomited,
The rancorous venome of thy miſſwolne heart:
Heare me but ſpeake, as I intend to live
With God, and his Elected Saints in heaven,
I never meant more to ſolicite her,
And that ſhe knowes, and all the world ſhall ſee.
I loved her once, ſweet *Arden*, pardon me.
I could not chooſe, her beauty fired my heart,
But time hath quencht theſe over-raging coales.
And *Arden*, though I frequent thy houſe,
Tis for my ſiſters ſake, her waiting-maide,
And not for hers, maiſt thou enjoy her long:
Hell fire and wrathfull vengeance light on me,
If I diſhonour her, or injure thee.
Arden. Mosbie, with theſe thy proteſtations,
The deadly hatred of my heart is appeaſed,
And thou and Ile be friends, if this prove true.
As for the baſe tearmes I gave thee late,
Forget them, *Mosbie*, I had cauſe to ſpeake:
When all the Knights and Gentlemen of Kent,
Make common table-talke of her and thee. (tongues?
Mosb. Who lives that is not toucht with ſlanderous
Fran. Then *Mosbie*, to eſchew the ſpeech of men,
Vpon whoſe generall bruite all honour hangs,
Forbeare his houſe.
Ard. Forbeare it, nay rather frequent it more.
The world ſhall ſee that I diſtruſt her not,
To warne him on the ſudden from my houſe,
Were to confirme the rumour that is growne.
Mosb. By faith my ſir you ſay true,

And therefore will I sojourne here a while,
Vntill our enemis have talkt their fill.
And then I hope theile cease, and at last confesse,
How causeleſſe they have injur'd her and me.
Ard. And I will lie at London all this Tearme,
To let them see how light I wey their words.
Here enters Alice.
Alice. Husband sit downe, your breakefast will be cold.
Ard. Come M. *Mosbie*, will you sit with us?
Mosb. I cannot eate, but Ile sit for company.
Alice. Sirra *Michael*, see your horse be ready.
Alice. Husband why pause you, why eate you not?
Ard. I am not well, there's something in this broth,
That is not wholesome, didst thou make it, *Alice*?
Alice. I did, and that's the cause it likes not you.
Then she throwes downe the broth on the ground.
There's nothing that I doe can please your taste.
You were best to say I would have poysoned you.
I cannot speake or cast aside my eye:
But he imagines I have stept awry.
Here's he that you cast in my teeth so oft,
Now will I be convinced, or purge my selfe,
I charge thee speake to this mistrustfull man,
Thou that wouldst see me hang, thou *Mosby*, thou,
Whar favour hast thou had more then a kisse
At comming or departing from the Towne?
Mos. You wrong your selfe and me, to cast these doubts:
Your loving husband is not jealous.
Ard. Why gentle mistris *Alice*, cannot I be ill,
But youle accuse your selfe.
Franklin, thou hast a boxe of Mithridate,
Ile take a little to prevent the worst.
Fran. Doe so, and let us presently take horse,
My life for yours ye shall doe well enough.
Alice. Give me a spoone, Ile eate of it my selfe,
Would it were full of poyson to the brim,

Then ſhould my cares and troubles have an end,
Was ever ſilly woman ſo tormented?
Arden. Be patient ſweet Love, I miſtruſt not thee.
Alice. God will revenge it, *Arden*, if thou doeſt.
For never woman lov'd her husband better then I do thee.
Arden. I know it, ſweet *Alice*, ceaſe to complaine,
Leſt that in teares I anſwere thee againe.
Frank. Come leave this dallying, and let us away.
Alice. Forbeare to wound me with that bitter word,
Arden ſhall goe to London in mine armes.
Arden. Loth am I to depart, yet I muſt goe.
Alice. Wilt thou to London then, and leave me here?
Ah if thou love me, gentle *Arden*, ſtay,
Yet if thy buſineſſe be of great import,
Goe if thou wilt, Ile beare it as I may:
But write from London to me every weeke,
Nay, every day, and ſtay no longer there
Then thou muſt needs, leſt that I die for ſorrow.
Arden. Ile write unto thee every tide,
And ſo farewell ſweet *Alice*, till we meet next.
Alice. Farewell husband, ſeeing youle have it ſo.
And M. *Franklin*, ſeeing you take him hence,
In hope youle haſten him home, Ile give you this,
and then ſhee kiſſeth him.
Frank. And if he ſtay the fault ſhall not be mine.
Mosbie farewell, and ſee you keepe your oath.
Mosb. I hope he is not jealous of me now.
Arden. No *Mosbie*, no, hereafter thinke on me
As your deareſt friend, and ſo farewell.
Exeunt Arden, Franklin, *and* Michael.
Alice. I am glad he is gone, he was about to ſtay.
But did you marke me then, how I brake off?
Mosb. I, *Alice*, and it was cunningly perform'd,
But what a villaine was the Painter *Clarke*?
Alice. Was it not a goodly poyſon that he gave?
Why, he's as well now, as he was before.
It ſhould have beene ſome fine confection,

That

That might have given the broth some daintie taste.
This powder was too grosse and populous.
Mosb. But had he eaten but three spoonefuls more,
Then had he died, and our love continued.
Alice. Why, *Mosbie*, albeit he live,
Mosb. It is impossible, for I have sworne
Never hereafter to solicite thee.
Or whilst he lives, once more importune thee.
Alice. Thou shall not need, I will importune thee.
What, shall an oath make thee forsake my love?
As if I have not sworne as much my selfe,
And given my hand unto him in the Church?
Tush *Mosbie*, oathes are words, and words are wind,
And wind is mutable: then I conclude,
Tis childishnes to stand upon an oath.
Mosb. Well proved Mistris *Alice*, yet by your leave,
Ile keepe mine unbroken whilst he lives.
Alice. I, doe and spare not, his time is but short!
For if thou beest as resolute as I,
Weele have him murdered as he walkes the streets:
In London many Ale-house Ruffins keepe,
Which as I heare will murther men for gold,
They shall be soundly fed, to pay him home.

Here enters Greene.

Mosb. *Alice*, whats he that comes yonder, knowst thou?
Alice. *Mosbie* be gone, I hope tis one that comes
To put in practice our intended drifts.

Exit Mosbie.

Greene. Mistris *Arden* you are well met,
I am sorry that your husband is from home,
When as my purposed journey was to him,
Yet all my labour is not spent in vaine:
For I suppose that you can full discourse,
And flat resolve me of the thing I seeke.
Alice. What is it master *Greene?* If that I may
Or can, with safety, I will answere you.
Greene. I heard your husband had the grant of late,

Con-

Confirmed by Letters patents from the King,
Of all the lands of the Abby of Feversham,
Generally intitled, so that all former grants
Are cut off, whereof I my selfe had one.
But now my interest by that is voide.
This is all mistris *Arden*, is it true, or no?
Alice. True master *Greene*, the lands are his in state,
And whatsoever leases before,
Are voide for tearme of master *Ardens* life:
He hath the grant under the Chancery seale.
Greene. Pardon me mistris *Arden*, I must speake,
For I am toucht, your husband doth me wrong,
To wring me from the little land I have.
My living is my life, onely that
Resteth remained of my portion.
Desire of wealth is endlesse in his minde,
And he is greedy gaping still for gaine,
Nor cares he though yong Gentlemen doe beg,
So he may scrape and hoord up in his poutch:
But seeing he hath taken my lands, Ile valew life,
As careless, as he is carefull for to get,
And tell him this from me, Ile be revenged,
And so, as he shall wish the Abby lands
Had rested still, within their former state.
Alice. Alas poore Gentleman, I pitty you,
And woe is me that any man should want,
God knowes tis not my fault, but wonder not
Though he be hard to others, when to me,
Ah master *Greene*, God knowes how I am us'd.
Greene. Why mistris *Arden*, can the crabbed churle
Vse you unkindly, respects he not your birth?
Your honorable friends, nor what you brought?
Why? all Kent knowes your parentage, and what you are.
Alice. Ah master *Greene*, be it spoken in secret here,
I never live good day with him alone:
When he is at home, then have I froward lookes,
Hard words and blowes, to mend the match withall:

And though I might content as good a man,
Yet doth he keepe in every corner Trulls,
And weary with his Trugs at home,
Then rides he ſtraight to London, there forſooth
He revels it among ſuch filthy ones,
As counſell him to make away his wife:
Thus live I daily in continuall feare:
In ſorrow ſo diſpairing of redreſſe,
As every day I wiſh with hearty prayer,
That he or I were taken forth the world.

Greene. Now truſt me miſtris *Alice*, it grieveth me,
So faire a creature ſhould be ſo abuſed.
Why, who would have thought the civill ſir, ſo ſullen,
He lookes ſo ſmoothly? now fie upon him Churle!
And if he live a day he, lives too long.
But frolicke woman, I ſhall be the man,
Shall ſet you free from all this diſcontent:
And if the Churle deny my intereſt,
And will not yeeld my leaſe into my hand,
Ile pay him home, what ever hap to me.

Alice. But ſpeake you as you thinke?

Greene. I, Gods my witnes, I meane plaine dealing,
For I had rather die then loſe my land.

Alice. Then maſter *Greene*, be counſeled by me,
Indanger not your ſelfe for ſuch a Churle,
But hire ſome Cutter for to cut him ſhort.
And here's ten pound to wager them withall,
When he is dead you ſhall have twenty more.
And the lands whereof my husband is poſſeſt,
Shall be intitled as they were before.

Greene. Will you keepe promiſe with me?

Alice. Or count me falſe and perjur'd, whilſt I live.

Gree. Then here's my hand, Ile have him ſo diſpatcht,
Ile up to London ſtraight, Ile thither poaſt
And never reſt, till I have compaſt it:
Till then farewell.

Alice. Good fortune follow all your forward thoughts.

 Exit.

Exit Greene.

And whoſoever doth attempt the deed,
A happy hand *I* wiſh, and ſo farewell.
All this goes well, *Mosbie*, *I* long for thee,
To let thee know all that *I* have contrived.

Here enters Mosbie *and* Clarke.

Moſ. How now *Alice*, what's the newes,
Alice. Such as will content thee well, ſweet hart.
Moſ. Well let them paſſe a while, and tell me *Alice*,
How have you dealt, and tempered with my ſiſter,
What, will ſhe have my neighbour *Clarke*, or no?
Alice. What M. *Mosbie*, let him woo himſelfe,
Thinke you that maides looke not for faire words,
Goe to her *Clarke*, ſhe's all alone within,
Michael my man is cleane out of her bookes.
Clarke. *I* thanke you miſtris *Arden*, *I* will in,
And if faire *Suſan*, and *I* can make agree,
You ſhall command me to the uttermoſt,
As farre as either goods or life may ſtretch. *Exit* Clarke.
Moſ. Now *Alice*, let's heare thy newes?
Alice. They be ſo good, that *I* muſt laugh for joy,
Before *I* can begin to tell my tale.
Moſ. Let's heare them, that *I* may laugh for company.
Alice. This Morning M. *Greene*, *Dick Greene*, *I* meane,
From whom my husband had the Abby land,
Came hither railing for to know the truth,
Whether my husband had the lands by grant.
I told him all, whereat he ſtorm'd amaine,
And ſwore he would cry quittance with the Churle,
And if he did deny his intereſt,
Stab him, whatſoever did befall himſelfe.
When as *I* ſaw his choler thus to riſe,
I whetted on the Gentleman with words:
And to conclude, *Mosbie*, at laſt we grew
To compoſition for my husbands death,
I gave him ten pound to hire knaves,
By ſome device to make away the Churle.

When

When he is dead, he ſhould have twenty more,
And repoſſeſſe his former lands againe,
On this we greed, and he is ridden ſtraight
To London to bring his death about.
Moſ. But call you this good newes?
Alice. *I* ſweet-heart, be they not? (dead,
Moſ. Twere cheerefull newes to heare the Churle were
But truſt me *Alice*, *I* take it paſſing ill,
You would be ſo forgetfull of our ſtate,
To make recount of it to every groome.
What? to acquaint each ſtranger with our drifts,
Chiefely in caſe of murder, why, tis the way,
To make it open unto *Ardens* ſelfe,
And bring thy ſelfe and me to ruine both,
Forewarn'd, forearm'd, who threats his enemy,
Lends him a ſword to guard himſelfe withall.
Alice. *I* did it for the beſt.
Moſ. Well, ſeeing tis done, cheerefully let it paſſe.
You know this *Greene*, is he not religious?
A man *I* geſſe of great devotion.
Alice. He is.
Moſ. Then let it paſſe, *I* have a drift
Will quiet all, what ever is amiſſe.
Here enters Clarke *and* Suſan.
Alice. How now *Clarke*, have you found me falſe?
Did I not pleade the matter hard for you?
Clark. You did.
Moſ. And what? Wil't be a match?
Clark. A match, *I* faith ſir *I*, the day is mine,
The Painter layes his colours to the life,
His penſel drawes no ſhadowes in his love.
Suſan is mine.
Alice. You make her bluſh.
Moſ. What ſiſter, is it *Clarke* muſt be the man?
Suſan. It reſteth in your graunt, ſome words are paſt,
And happily we be growne unto a match,
If you be willing that it ſhall be ſo?

Mosb. Ah maſter *Clarke*, it reſteth at my grant,
You ſee my ſiſter's yet at my diſpoſe,
But ſo you'll grant me one thing I ſhall aske,
I am content my ſiſter ſhall be yours.
Clarke. What is it, M. *Mosbie?*
Moſ. I doe remember once in ſecret talke,
You told me how you could compound by Art,
A Crucifix impoyſoned:
That who ſo looke upon it ſhould waxe blind,
And with the ſent be ſtifled, that ere long,
He ſhould die poiſon'd, that did view it well.
I would have you make me ſuch a Crucifix,
And then Ile grant my ſiſter ſhall be yours.
Clar. Though I am loth, becauſe it toucheth life,
Yet rather or I leave ſweet *Suſans* love,
Ile doe it, and with all the haſt I may.
But for whom is it?
Alice. Leave that to us, why *Clarke*, is it poſſible,
That you ſhould paint and draw it out your ſelfe,
The colours being balefull and impoyſoned,
And no wayes prejudice your ſelfe withall?
Moſ. Well queſtioned *Alice*,
Clarke, how anſwer you that?
Clar. Very eaſily, Ile tell you ſtraight,
How I doe worke of theſe impoiſoned drugs,
I faſten on my ſpectacles ſo cloſe,
As nothing can any way offend my ſight,
Then as I put a leafe within my noſe,
So put I Rubarbe to avoide the ſmell,
And ſoftly as another worke I paint.
Moſ. Tis very well, but againſt when ſhall I have it?
Clar. Within this ten dayes.
Moſ. I will ſerve the turne.
Now *Alice*, let's in, and ſee what cheere you keepe,
I hope now M. *Arden* is from home,
You'l give me leave to play your husbands part.
Alice. *Mosbie*, you know whoſe maſter of my heart,

He

He well may be the maſter of the houſe. *Exeunt.*

Here enters Greene *and* Bradſhaw.

Brad. See you them that come yonder, M. *Greene?*

Greene. I very well, doe you know them?

Here enters Blackwill *and* Shakebag.

Brad. The one I know not: but he ſeemes a knave,
Chiefely for bearing the other companie:
For ſuch a ſlave, ſo vile a rogue as he,
Lives not againe vpon the earth,
Black-will, is his name, I tell you M. *Greene*,
At Bulloine he and I were fellow Souldiers,
Where he plaid ſuch prankes,
As all the Campe fear'd him for his villany:
I warrant you he beares ſo bad a mind,
That for a crowne he'l murder any man.

Greene. The fitter is he for my purpoſe marie.

Wil. How now fellow *Bradſhaw*,
Whither away ſo early?

Brad. O *Will*, times are chang'd, no fellowes now,
Though we were once together in the field,
Yet thy friend, to doe thee any good I can.

Will. Why *Bradſhaw*, was not thou and I
Fellow Souldiers at Bulloine, (groome?
Where I was a Corporall, and thou but a baſe mercenarie
No fellowes now, becauſe you are a Goldſmith,
And have a little plate in your ſhop,
You were glad to call me fellow *Will*,
And with a curſie to the earth,
One ſnatch good Corporall,
When I ſtole the halfe Oxe from *Iohn* the Vitler,
And domineer'd with it, among good fellowes,
In one night.

Brad. I, *Will*, thoſe dayes are paſt with me,

Will. I, but they be not paſt with me.
For I keepe that ſame honorable minde ſtill, (low,
Good neighbour *Bradſhaw*, you are too proud to be my fel-
But were it not, that *I* ſee more company comming downe

the hill, *I* would be fellowes with you once more,
And ſhare crownes with you too.
But let that paſſe, and tell me whither you goe.
Brad. To London *Will*, about a peece of ſervice,
Wherein happily thou maiſt pleaſure me.
Will. What is it?
Brad. Of late Lord *Cheiny* loſt ſome plate,
Which one did bring and ſold it at my ſhop,
Saying, he ſerved Sir *Antony Cooke*,
A ſearch was made, the plate was found with me,
And *I* am bound to anſwer at the ſyſe,
Now Lord *Cheiny* ſolemnly vowes,
If law will ſerve him, heele hang me for his plate,
Now I am going to London upon hope,
To finde the fellow, now *Will I* know
Thou art acquainted with ſuch companions.
Will. What manner of man was he?
Brad. A leane-faced writhen knave,
Hawke noſed, and very hollow eyed,
With mightie furrowes in ſtorny browes,
Long haire downe to his ſhoulders curled,
His chinne was bare, but on his upper lippe,
A mutchado, which he wound about his eare.
Will. What apparell had he?
Brad. A watched ſattin doublet all to torne,
The inner ſide did beare the grater ſhow,
A paire of thred-bare velvet hoſe ſeame-rent,
A woſted ſtockin rent above the ſhoo,
A livery cloke, but all the lace was off.
Twas bad, but yet it ſerved to hide the plate.
Will. Sirra *Shakebag*, canſt thou remember
Since we trould the bowle at Sittingburne,
Where *I* broke the Tapſters head at the Lion,
With a Cudgell ſticke?
Shak. I very well *Will.*
Will. Why, it was with the money that the plate was ſold for.
Sirra *Bradſhaw*, what wilt thou give him

That

That can tell thee who ſold thy plate?
Brad. Will. Who I pray thee good *Will.*
Will. Why, twas one *Jack Fitten,*
He's now in Newgate for ſtealing a horſe,
And ſhall be arraind the next ſyze. (forth:
Brad. Why then, let Lord *Cheiny* ſeeke *Jack Fitten*
For Ile goe back and tell him, who robbed him of his plate,
This cheeres my heart, M. *Greene,* Ile leave you,
For I muſt to the Ile of Sheppy with ſpeede.
Gree. Before you goe let me intreate you
To carry this Letter to miſtris *Arden* of Feverſham,
And humbly recommend me to her ſelfe.
Brad. That will I, M. *Greene,* and ſo farewell.
Here *Will,* there's a crowne for thy good newes.
Exit Bradſhaw.
Will. Farewell *Bradſhaw,*
Ile drinke no water for thy ſake, while this does laſt.
Now Gentleman ſhall we have your company to London?
Gree. Nay, ſtay ſirs, a little more I needs muſt uſe your (helpe,
And in a matter of great conſequence,
Wherein if youle be ſecret and profound,
Ile give you twenty angels for your paines.
Will. How? twentie angels? give my fellow
George Shakebag and me, twentie angels,
And if thou'lt have thy one father ſlaine,
That thou maiſt inherit his land, weele kill him.
Shak. I thy mother, thy ſiſter, thy brother, or all thy kin.
Gree. Well, this it is, *Arden* of Feverſham
Hath mightily wrong'd me about Abby land,
That no revenge but death will ſerve the turne.
Will you two kill him, here's the angels downe,
And I will lay the platforme of his death.
Will. Plat me no platformes, give me the money,
And Ile ſtab him as he ſtands piſſing againſt a wall,
But Ile kill him.
Shak. Where is he?
Gree. He is now at London, in Alderſgate ſtreete,

Shak.

Shak. Hee's dead as if he had beene condemned
By an act of Parliament, if once *Blacke Will* and *I*
Sweare his death.

Gree. Here is ten pound, and when he is dead,
Ye shall have twenty more.

Will. My fingers itch to be at the peasant,
Oh that I might be set at worke thus thorow the yeere,
And that murder would grow to an occupation,
That a man might without danger of Law,
Zounds *I* warrant, *I* should be warden of the Company.
Come let us be going, and weele bate at Rochester,
Where Ile give thee a gallon of Sack,
To hansell the match withall. *Exeunt.*

Here enters Michael.

Mich. *I* have gotten such a Letter,
As will touch the Painter: and thus it is.

Here enters Arden *and* Franklin, *and heares* Michael *reade this Letter.*

My duty remembred, mistris Susan, *hoping in God you bee in good health, as I* Michael *was at the making hereof. This is to certifie you, that as the Turtle true, when she hath lost her mate, sitteth alone, so I mourning for your absence, doe walke up and downe Pauls, till one day I fell a sleepe, and lost my Masters Pantophles. Ah mistris* Susan, *abolish that paltry Painter, cut him off by the shins, with the frowning look of your crabbed countenance, & thinke upon* Michael, *who drunke with the dregs of your favour, will cleave as fast to your love, as a plaister of Pitch to a gald horse-backe. Thus hoping you will let my passions penetrate, or rather impetrate mercy of your meeke hands. I end.*

Yours Michael, *or else not* Michael.

Ard. Why you paltry knave,
Stand you here loytering, knowing my affaires,
What haste my busines craves to send to Kent?

Fran. Faith friend *Michael*, this is very ill,
Knowing your Master hath no more but you,
And doe you slacke his busines your owne?

Ard. Where is the Letter sirra, let me see it.

Then

Then he gives him the Letter.

See maſter *Franklin*, heres proper ſtuffe,
Suſan my maid, the Painter, and my man,
A crue of harlots all in love forſooth.
Sirra, let me heare no more of this,
Now for thy life once write to her a word.

Here enters Greene, Will, *and* Shakebag.

Wilt thou be married to ſo baſe a Trull,
Tis *Mosbies* ſiſter, come I once at home,
Ile rowze her for remaining in my houſe.
Now M. *Franklin*, let us goe walke in *Pauls*,
Come, but a turne or two, and then away. *Exeunt.*

Gree. The firſt is *Arden*, and that's his man,
The other is *Franklin*, *Ardens* deereſt friend.

Will. Zounds, Ile kill them all three.

Gree. Nay ſirs, touch not his man in any caſe,
But ſtand cloſe, and take your fitteſt ſtanding,
And at his comming forth, ſpeed him:
To the Nagges-head, there's cowards haunt,
But now Ile leave you till the deed be done. *Exit Greene.*

Shak. If he be not paid his owne, ne're truſt *Shakebag*.

Will. Sirra *Shakebag* at his comming forth
Ile run him through, and then to the Blackfriers,
And then take water and away.

Shak. Why that's the beſt, but ſee thou miſſe him not.

Will. How can I miſſe him, when I thinke on the fortie angels I muſt have more?

Here enters a Prentice.

Prentice. Tis very late, I were beſt ſhut up my ſtall,
For here will be old filching when the preſſe comes forth of Pauls. *Then lets he downe his window, and it breakes* Black wills *head.*

Will. Zounds draw *Shakbag*, I am almoſt kild,

Pren. Weele tame you, I warrant.

Will. Zounds, I am tame enough already.

Here enters Arden, Franklin, *and* Michael.

Arden. What troubleſome fray, or mutiny is this?

Fran. Tis nothing but ſome brabbling paltry fray
Deuiſed to picke mens pockets in the throng.
Ard. Iſt nothing elſe? come *Franklin* let's away. *Exeunt.*
Will What mends ſhall I have for my broken head?
Pren. Mary this mends, that if you get you not away all the ſooner, you ſhall be well beaten, and ſent to the counter. *Exit Prentice.*
Will. Well, Ile be gone, but looke to your ſignes,
For Ile pull them downe all.
Shakebag, my broken head grieves me not ſo much,
As by this meanes *Arden* hath eſcaped.
Here enters Greene.
I had a glimſe of him and his companion.
Gree. Why ſirs, *Arden* as well as I,
I met him and *Franklin* going merrily to the Ordinarie,
What, dare you not doe it? (give againe,
Will. Yes ſir, ſir we dare doe it, but were my conſent to
We would not doe it under ten pound more.
I value every drop of my blood at a French crowne.
I have had ten pound to ſteale a dog,
And we have no more here to kill a man,
But that a bargaine is a bargaine, and ſo forth,
You ſhould doe it your ſelfe.
Gree. I pray thee how came thy head broke?
Will. Why, thou ſeeſt it is broke, doſt thou not? (ming,
Sha. Standing againſt a ſtaule, watching *Ardens* com-
A boy let downe his ſhop window, and broke his head.
Whereupon aroſe a brawle, and in the tumult
Arden eſcap't us, and paſt by unthought on.
But forbearance is no quittance,
Another time wele doe it I warrant thee.
Gre. I pray thee *Will*, make cleane thy bloodie brow,
And let us bethinke us on ſome other place,
Where *Arden* may be met with handſomely.
Remember how devoutly thou haſt ſworne,
To kill the villaine, thinke upon thine oath.
Will. Tuſh, I have broken fiue hundred oathes,

But

But wouldst thou charme me to effect this deed,
Tell me of gold, my resolutions fee.
Say thou seest *Mosbie* kneeling at my knees,
Offring me service for my high attempt:
And sweet *Alice Arden* with a lap of crownes,
Comes with a lowly curtsie to the earth,
Saying, Take this, but for thy quarteridge,
Such yeerely tribute will I answere thee.
Why, this would steele soft-melted cowardize,
With which *Blake Will* was never tainted with.
I tell thee *Greene*, the forlorne Traveller,
Whose lips are glewed with Summer parching heat,
Ne're long'd so much to see a running brooke,
As I to finish *Ardens* Tragedie.
Seest thou this goare that cleaveth to my face?
From hence ne're will I wash this bloodie staine,
Till *Ardens* heart be panting in my hand.

Greene. Why, that's well said, but what saith *Shakebag*?

Shak. I cannot paint my valour out with words,
But give me place and opportunitie,
Such mercy as the starven Lioness,
When she is dry suck't of eager young:
Showes to the prey that next encounters her,
On *Arden* so much pitty would I take.

Greene. So should it fare with men of firme resolve.
And now sirs, seeing this accident,
Of meeting him in Pauls hath no successe:
Let us bethinke us on some other place,
Whose earth may swallow up this *Ardens* blood.

Here enters Michael.

See! yonder comes his man, and wat you what,
The foolish knave is in love with *Mosbies* sister,
And for her sake, whose love he cannot get,
Vnlesse *Mosbie* solicite his sute,
The villaine hath sworne the slaughter of his master,
Weele question him, for he may steed us much.
How now *Michael*, whether are you going?

Mich. My maſter hath new ſupt,
And I am going to prepare his chamber.
Greene. Where ſupt maſter *Arden*?
Mich. At the Nags-head, at the 18 pence ordinary.
How now M. *Shakebag*, what *Blacke Will*,
Gods deare Lady, how chaunce your face is ſo bloody?
Will. Goe to ſirra, there is a chaunce in it.
This ſawcines in you will make you knockt.
Mich. Nay, and you be offended, Ile be gone.
Gre. Stay *Michael*, you may not ſcape us ſo,
Michael, I know you love your maſter well.
Mic. Why, ſo I doe, but wherefore urge you that?
Gree. Becauſe I thinke you love your miſtris better.
Mic. So thinke not I, but ſay yfaith, what if I ſhould?
Sha. Come to the purpoſe *Michael*, we heare
You have a pretty Love in Feverſham.
Mic. Why, have I two or three, what's that to thee?
Will. You deale too mildly with the peaſant, thus it is,
Tis knowne to us you love *Mosbies* ſiſter,
We know beſides that you have tane your oath
To further *Mosbie* to you miſtris bed,
And kill your maſter for his ſiſters ſake,
Now ſir, a poorer coward then your ſelfe,
Was never foſtered in the coaſt of Kent,
How comes it that ſuch a knave as you,
Dare ſweare a matter of ſuch conſequence?
Greene. Ah Will.
Will. Tuſh, give me leave, there's no more but this,
Sith thou haſt ſworne, we dare diſcover all.
And hadſt thou, or ſhouldſt thou utter it,
We have deviſed a complot under hand,
What-ever ſhall betide to any of us,
To ſend thee roundly to the Devill of hell.
And therefore thus, I am the very man,
Mark't in my birth-houre by the deſtinies,
To give an end to *Ardens* life on earth.
Thou but a member, but to whet the knife,

Whoſe

Whose edge must search the closet of his brest.
Thy office is but to appoint the place,
And traine thy M. to his Tragedie.
Mine to performe it, when occasion serves.
Then be not nice, but here devise with us,
How, and what way we may conclude his death.
Sha. So shalt thou purchase *Mosbie* for thy friend,
And by his friendship gaine his sisters love.
Gree. So shall thy mistris be thy favorer,
And thou disburdned of the oath thou made.
Mic. Well, Gentlemen, I cannot but confesse,
Sith you have urged me so apparantly,
That I have vowed my M. *Ardens* death,
And he whose kindly love, and liberall hand,
Doth challenge nought but good deserts of me,
I will deliver over to your hands.
This night come to his house at Aldersgate,
The dores Ile leave unlockt against you come.
No sooner shall ye enter thorow the latch,
Over the threshold to the inner court.
But on your left hand shall you see the staires,
That leades directly to my masters chamber.
There take him, and dispose him as ye please.
Now it were good we parted company,
What I have promised, I will performe. (you.
Will. Should you deceive us, 'twould goe wrong with
Mic. I will accomplish all I have reveal'd. (a dog.
Will. Come let's goe drinke, choller makes me as dry as

Exeunt Will, Greene, *and* Shakebag.

Manet Michael.

Mich. Thus feeds the Lambe securely on the downe,
Whilst thorow the thicket of an arber brake,
The hunger-bitten Wolfe ore-pries his hant,
And takes advantage to eate him up.
Ah harmlesse *Arden*, how, how hast thou misdone,
That thus thy gentle life is level'd at!
The many good turnes thou hast done to me,

Now muſt I quittance with betraying thee.
I that ſhould take the weapon in my hand,
And buckler thee from ill intending foes,
Doe leade thee with a fraudfull ſmile,
As unſpected to the ſlaughter-houſe:
So have I ſworne to *Mosbie*, and my miſtris.
So have I promiſed to the ſlaughter-men.
And ſhould I not deale currantly with them,
Their lawleſſe rage would take revenge on me.
Tuſh, I will ſpurne at mercie for this once.
Let pittie lodge where feeble women lie,
I am reſolved, and *Arden* needs muſt die. *Exit* Michael.

Here enters Arden *and* Franklin.

Arden. No *Franklin* no, if feare or ſtormy threats,
If love of me, or care of woman-hood,
If feare of God, or common ſpeeeh of men,
Who mangle credit with their wounding words,
And couch diſhonour, as diſhonour buds,
Might joyne repentance in her wanton thoughts,
No queſtion then, but ſhe would turne the leafe,
And ſorrow for her diſſolution.
But ſhe is rooted in wickednes,
Perverſe and ſtubburne, not to be reclaim'd,
Good counſell is to her as raine to weedes,
And reprehenſion makes her vice to grow,
As *Hydraes* head periſht by decay.
Her faults me thinke are painted in my face,
For every ſearching eye to over-reade.
And *Mosbies* name a ſcandall unto mine,
Is deepely trenched in my bluſhing brow.
Ah *Franklin*, *Franklin*, when I thinke on this,
My hearts griefe rends my other powers,
Worſe then the conflict at the houre of death.

Frank. Gentle *Arden* leave this ſad lament,
She will amend, and ſo your griefes will ceaſe,
Or elſe ſhee die, and ſo your ſorrowes end.
If neither of theſe two doe happily fall,

Yet

Yet let your comfort be, that others beare
Your woes twice doubled, all with patience.
Arden. My house is irksome, there I cannot rest.
Fran. Then stay with me in Londou, goe not home.
Ard. Then that base *Mosbie* doth usurpe my roome,
And makes his triumph of my being thence.
At home, or not at home, where ere I be:
Here, here it lies, ah *Franklin*, here it lies,
That will not out, till wretched *Arden* dies,

Here enters Michael.

Fran. Forget your griefes a while, here comes your man.
Arden. What a clocke ist, sirra?
Mich. Almost ten.
Arden See, see, how runnes away the wearie time!
Come M. *Franklin*, shall we goe to bed?

Exeunt Arden, *and* Michael.

Manet Franklin.

Fran. I pray you goe before, Ile follow you.
Ah what a hell is fretfull jalouzie?
What pitty-mouing words? what deepe-fetch sighs?
What grievous groanes? and over-lading woes,
Accompanies this gentle Gentleman?
Now will he shake his care-oppressed head,
Then fixe his sad eyes on the sullen earth,
Ashamed to gaze upon the open world.
Now will he cast his eyes upwards the heavens,
Looking that wayes for redresse of wrong,
Sometimes he seeketh to beguile his griefe,
And tels a story with his carefull tongue.
Then comes his wives dishonour in his thoughts,
And in the middle cutteth off his tale.
Powring fresh sorrow on his weary limbs.
So woe begone, so inly charged with woe,
Was never any lived, and bare it so.

Here enters Michael.

Mich. M. M. would desire you come to bed,
Fran. Is he himselfe alreadie in his bed?

Exit.

Exit Fran. *Manet Mich.*

Mich. He is, and faine would have the light away,
Conflicting thoughts incamped in my breſt,
Awake me with the eccho of their ſtrokes:
And I a iudge to cenſure either ſide,
Can give to neither wiſhed victory.
My maſters kindnes pleades to me for life,
With juſt demand, and I muſt grant it him.
My miſtris ſhe hath forced me with an oath,
For *Suſans*, ſake the which I may not breake,
For that is neerer then a maſters love.
That grim-faced fellow, pittileſſe *Blacke Will*,
And *Shakebag* ſterne in bloody ſtratageme.
Two ruffer Ruffins never lived in Kent,
Have ſworne my death, if I infringe my vow,
A dreadfull thing to be conſidered of,
Me thinkes I ſee them with their bolſtred haire,
Staring and grinning in thy gentle face,
And in their ruthleſſe hands, their daggers drawne,
Inſulting ore thee with a peck of oathes.
Whileſt thou ſubmiſſive pleading for releaſe,
Art mangled by their irefull inſtruments.
Me thinkes I heare them aske where *Michael* is,
And pittileſſe *Blacke Will*, cries ſtab the ſlave.
The peſant will detect the Tragedy.
The wrinkles of his foule death-threatning face,
Gapes open wide, like graves to ſwallow men.
My death to him is but a merriment,
And he will murder me to make him ſport.
He comes, he comes, M. *Franklin* helpe,
Call up the neigbours, or we are but dead.

Here enters Fran. *and* Arden.

Fran. What diſmall out-crie cals me from my reſt?

Arden. What hath occaſion'd ſuch a fearefull cry?
Speake *Michael*, hath any injur'd thee?

Mich. Nothing ſir, but as I fell aſleepe,
Vpon the threſhold leaning to the ſtaires,

I had

I had a fearefull dreame that troubled me,
And in my ſlumber thought I was beſet,
With murderer theeves that came to rifle me.
My trembling joints witnes my inward feare.
I crave your pardons for diſturbing you.
Ard. So great a crie for nothing I ne're heard,
What, are the dores faſt lockt? and all things ſafe?
Mich. I cannot tell, I thinke I lockt the dores.
Ard. I like not this, but Ile goe ſee my ſelfe,
Ne're truſt me, but the dores are all unlockt,
This negligence not halfe contenteth me.
Get you to Bed, and if you love my favour,
Let me have no more ſuch prancks as theſe.
Come M. *Franklin*, let us goe to bed.
Fran. I by my faith, the aire is very cold,
Michael farewell, I pray thee dreame no more. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gree. Will. *and* Shakebag.

Shak. Black night hath hid the pleaſures of the day,
And ſheting darkneſſe over-hangs the earth,
And with the black-fold of her clowdie robe,
Obſcures us from the eye-ſight of the world,
In which ſweet ſilence ſuch as we triumph.
The laſie minutes linger on their time,
Loth to give due *audit* to the houre:
Till in the watch our purpoſe be complete,
And *Arden* ſent to everlaſting night.
Greene, get you gone, and linger here about,
And at ſome houre hence come to us againe,
Where we will give you inſtance of his death.
Gree. Speed to my wiſh whoſe will ſo ere ſayes no,
And ſo Ile leave you for an houre or two. *Exit* Greene.
Will. I tell thee *Shakebag*, would this thing were done,
I am ſo heavy that I can ſcarce goe:
This drowſines in me bodes little good.
Shak. How now *Will*, become a preciſian?
Nay, lets goe ſleepe, when bugs and feares
Shall kill our courages with their fancies worke.

Will. Why *Shakebag*, thou miſtakeſt me much,
And wrongſt me in the telling me of feare,
Wert not a ſerious thing we goe about,
It ſhould be ſlipt till I had fought with thee:
To let thee know I am no coward I,
I tell thee *Shakebag*, thou abuſeſt me.
Shak. Why, thy ſpeech bewraid an inly kind of feare,
And ſavour'd of a weake relenting ſpirit,
Goe forward now in that we have begun,
And afterwards attempt me when thou dareſt.
Will. And if I doe not, heaven cut me off,
But let that paſſe, and ſhow me to this houſe.
Where thou ſhalt ſee Ile doe as much as *Shakebag*.
Shak. This is the dore, but ſoft, me thinks tis ſhut,
The villaine *Michael* hath deceived us.
Will. Soft, let me ſee, *Shakebag* tis ſhut indeed.
Knock with thy ſword, perhaps the ſlave will heare,
Shak. It will not be, the white liver'd peaſant is gon to (bed,
And laughes us both to ſcorne.
Will. And he ſhall buy his merriment as deere,
As ever coiſtrell bought ſo little ſport,
Ne're let this ſword aſſiſt me when I need,
But ruſt and canker, after I have ſworne:
If I the next time that I meete the hind,
Loppe not away his leg, his arme, or both.
Shak. And let me never draw a ſword againe,
Nor proſper in the twilight, cock-ſhut light,
When I would fleece the wealthy paſſenger,
But lie and languiſh in a loathſome den,
Hated, and ſpit at by the goers by,
And in that death may die unpittied,
If I the next time that I meete the ſlave,
Cut not the noſe from the cowards face,
And trample on it for his villany.
Will. Come lets go ſeek out *Greene*, I know hee'l ſweare.
Shak. He were a villaine and he would not ſweare,
'Twould make a peaſant ſweare among his boyes,

That

That ne're durst say before but yea and no,
To be thus flouted of a coistrell. (ning,
Will. Shakebag, lets seeke out *Greene*, and in the mor-
At the Alehouse butting *Ardens* house,
Watch the out-comming of that prick-eard cur,
And then let me alone to handle him. *Exeunt.*

Here enters Arden, Fran. *and* Michael.

Ard. Sirra get you backe to Billinsgate,
And learne what time the tide will serve our turne,
Come to us in Pauls, first goe make the bed,
And afterwards goe harken for the flood. *Exit* Michael.
Come M. *Franklin*, you shall goe with me.
This night I dreamed, that being in a Parke,
A toile was pitcht to over-throw the Deere,
And I upon a little rising-hill,
Stood whistly watching for the Heards approch,
Even there me thought a gentle slumber tooke me,
And summond all my parts to sweet repose.
But in the pleasure of this golden rest,
An ill thew'd foster had removed the toile,
And rounded me with that beguiling home,
Which late me thought was pitcht to cast the Deere,
With that he blew an evill-sounding horne,
And at the noise, another Heard-man came
With Fauchon drawne, and bent it at my brest,
Crying aloud Thou art the game we seeke.
With this I wakt, and trembled every joint,
Like one obscured in a little bush,
That sees a Lion foraging about,
And when the dreadfull forrest King is gone,
He pries about with timorous suspect,
Thorowout the thorny casements of the brake,
And will not thinke his person dangerlesse,
But quakes and shivers, though the cause be gone.
So trust me *Franklin*, when I did awake,
I stood in doubt whether I waked or no:
Such great impression tooke this fond surprize:

God grant this viſion bedeeme me any good.
Frank. This fantaſie doth riſe from *Michaels* feare,
Who being awaked with the noiſe he made,
His troubled ſences yet could take no reſt.
And this I warrant you procured your dreame.
Arden. It may be ſo, God frame it to the beſt,
But oftentimes my dreames preſage too true.
Fran. To ſuch as note their nightly fantaſies,
Some one in twenty may incurre beliefe,
But uſe it not, tis but a mockerie.
Ard. Come M. *Franklin*, wele now walke in Pauls,
And dine together at the Ordinarie,
And by my mans direction draw to the key,
And with the tide goe downe to Feverſham.
Say, M. *Franklin*, ſhall it not be ſo?
Fran. At your good pleaſure ſir,
Ile beare you company. *Exeunt.*

Here enters Michael *at one dore.*

Here enters Gree. Will, *and* Shakebag, *at another dore.*
Will. Draw *Shakebag*, for here's that villaine *Michael*,
Greene. Firſt, let's heare what he can ſay,
Will. Speake milkſope ſlave, and never after ſpeake.
Mich. For Gods ſake ſirs, let me excuſe my ſelfe.
For here I ſweare by heaven, and earth, and all,
I did performe the outmoſt of my taske,
And left the dores unbolted and unlockt,
But ſee the chance, *Franklin* and my maſter
Were very late conferring in the porch,
And *Franklin* left his napkin where he ſate,
With certaine gold knit in it, as he ſaid
Being in bed, he did bethinke himſelfe,
And comming downe, he found the dores unſhut,
He lockt the gates and brought away the keyes,
For which offence my maſter rated me:
But now I am going to ſee what flood it is,
For with the tyde my maſter will away,
Where you may front him well on Rainam downe,

A place well fitting such a stratageme.
Will. Your excuse hath somewhat mollified my choller,
Why, now *Greene*, tis better now nor ere it was.
Gree. But *Michael*, is it true?
Mich. As true as I report it to be true.
Shak. Then *Michael*, this shall be your penance,
To feast us all at the Salutation,
Where we will plat our purpose thorowly.
Gree. And *Michael*, you shall beare no newes of this tide
Because they two may be in Rainam down before your M.
Mich. Why, Ile agree to any thing you'l have me.
So you will accept of my companie. *Exeunt.*

Here enters Mosbie.

Mosb. Disturbed thoughts drives me from company,
And dries my marrow with their watchfulnes,
Continuall trouble of my moody braine,
Feebles my body by excesse of drinke,
And nips me, as the bitter Northeast wind
Doth checke the tender blossoms in the Spring.
Well-fares the manhow ere his cates doe taste,
That tables not with foule suspition:
And he but pines amongst his delicates,
Whose troubled mind is stuft with discontent.
My golden time was when I had no gold,
Though then I wanted, yet I slept secure,
My daily toile, begat me nights repose:
My nights repose made day-light fresh to me.
But since I climb'd the top bough of the tree,
And sought to build my nest among the clouds,
Each gentle stary gaile doth shake my bed:
And makes me dread my downefall to the earth,
But whither doth contemplation carry me.
The way I seeke to finde, where pleasure dwels,
Is hedged behind me, that I cannot backe,
But needs must on, although to dangers gate:
Then *Arden* perish thou by that decree.
For *Greene* doth heyre the land and weed thee up,

To make my Harveſt nothing but pure corne.
And for his paines Ile heave him up a while,
And after ſmother him to have his waxe.
Such Bees as *Greene*, muſt never live to ſting.
Then is there *Michael*, and the Painter too,
Chiefe Actors to *Ardens* overthrow:
Who wheu they ſee me ſit in *Ardens* ſeate,
They will inſult upon me for my mede,
Or fright me by detecting of his end.
Ile noue of that, for I can caſt a bone,
To make theſe Curres plucke out each others throat,
And then am I ſole ruler of mine owne:
Yet miſtris *Arden* lives, but ſhe's my ſelfe,
And holy Church-rites makes us two but one,
But what for that, I may not truſt you *Alice*,
You have ſupplanted *Arden* for my ſake,
And will extirpen me to plant another:
Tis fearefull ſleeping in a Serpents bed.
And I will cleanely rid my hands of her.

Here enters Alice.

But here ſhe comes, and I muſt flatter her.
How now *Alice*? What, ſad and paſſionate?
Make me partaker of thy penſivenes:
Fire devided burnes with leſſer force.

Alice. But I will damne that fire in my breſt,
Till by the force thereof my part conſume, ah *Mosbie*.

Mosb. Such deep pathaires like to a Cannons burſt,
Diſcharge againſt a ruinated wall,
Breakes my relenting heart in thouſand pieces,
Vngentle *Alice*, thy ſorrow is my ſore,
Thou know'ſt it well, and tis thy policie
To forge diſtreſſefull lookes, to wound a breſt,
Where lies a heart, that dies when thou art ſad,
It is not love, that loves to anger love.

Alice. It is not love, that loves to murder love.

Mosb. How meane you that?

Alice. Thou knoweſt how dearely *Arden* loved me.

Mosb.

Mosb. And then.

Alice. And then conceale the reſt, for tis too bad,
Leſt that my words be carried with the wind,
And publiſht in the world to both our ſhames,
I pray thee *Mosbie*, let our Spring-time wither,
Our Harveſt elſe will yeeld but lothſome weedes.
Forget I pray thee, what haſt paſt betwixt us,
For now *I* bluſh, and tremble at the thoughts,

Mosb. What are you chang'd?

Alice. I, to my former happy life againe.
From title of an odious ſtrumpets name,
To honeſt *Ardens* wife, not *Ardens* honeſt wife,
Ha *Mosbie*, 'tis thou haſt rifled me of that,
And made me ſlanderous to all my kin:
Even in my forehead is thy name ingraven,
A meane Artificer, that low-borne name,
I was bewitched, woe worth the haples houre,
And all the cauſes that inchanted me.

Mosb. Nay, if thou ban, let me breathe curſes forth,
And if you ſtand ſo nicely at your fame,
Let me repent the credit *I* have loſt.
I have neglected matters of import,
That would have ſtated me above thy ſtate:
Forſlowd advantages, and ſpurn'd at time.
I, Fortunes right-hand *Mosbie* hath forſooke,
To take a wanton giglote by the left.
I left the marriage of an honeſt maide,
Whoſe dowry would have weied downe all thy wealth,
Whoſe beauty and demeanor farre exceeded thee,
This certaine good *I* loſt, for changing bad,
And wrapt my credit in thy companie.
I was bewitcht, that is no theame of thine,
And thou unhallowed haſt enchanted me:
But *I* will breake thy ſpels, and exorciſmes,
And put another ſight upon theſe eyes,
That ſhewed my heart a Raven for a Dove.
Thou art not faire, *I* view'd thee not till now,

Thou

Thou art not kind, till now I knew thee not.
And now the raine hath beaten off thy gilt,
Thy worthleſſe copper ſhowes thee counterfet.
It grieves me not to ſee how foule thou art,
But mads me that ever I thought thee faire,
Goe get thee gone, a copeſmate for thy Hindes,
I am too good to be thy favorite.

Alice. I, now I ſee, and too ſoone finde it true,
Which often hath beene told by my friends:
That *Mosbie* loves me not but for my wealth,
Which too incredulous I ne're believed.
Nay, heare me ſpeake *Mosbie*, a word or two,
Ile bite my tongue, if it ſpeake bitterly:
Looke on me *Mosbie*, or elſe Ile kill my ſelfe,
Nothing ſhall hide me from thy ſtormy looke:
If thou crie war, there is no peace for me,
I will doe penance for offending thee,
And burne this prayer booke, where I here uſe,
The holy Word that hath converted me,
See *Mosby*, I will teare away the leaves.
And all the leaves, and in this golden cover,
Shall thy ſweet phraſes, and thy letters dwell,
And thereon will I chiefly meditate,
And hold no other ſect, but ſuch deuotion,
Wilt thou not looke? is all thy love over-whelm'd?
Wilt thou not heare? what malice ſtops thine eares?
Why ſpeakeſt thou not? what ſilence ties thy tongue?
Thou haſt beene fighted, as the Eagle is,
And heard as quickly as the fearefull Hare:
And ſpoke as ſmoothly as an Orator.
When I have bid thee heare, or ſee, or ſpeake;
And art thou ſenſible in none of theſe?
Waigh all thy good turnes, with this little fault,
And I deſerve not *Mosbies* muddy lookes.
A fence of trouble is not thicke enough,
Be cleare againe, Ile ne're more trouble thee.

Mosb. O, fie no, I am a baſe Artificer,

My

My wings are feathred for a lowly flight,
Mosbie, fie no, not for a thouſand pound,
Make love to you, why tis unpardonable,
We beggers muſt not breathe where Gentiles are.
Alice. Sweet *Mosbie* is as gentle as a King,
And *I* too blind to judge him otherwiſe,
Flowres ſometimes ſpring in fallow lands,
Weeds in gardens, Roſes grow on thornes.
So what ſo ere my *Mosbies* father was,
Himſelfe valued gentle by his worth.
Mosb. Ah how you women can inſinuate,
And cleere a treſpaſſe with your ſweet ſet tongue!
I will forget this quarrell gentle *Alice*,
Provided Ile be tempted ſo no more.

Here enters Bradſhaw.

Alice. Then with thy lips ſeale up this new-made match.
Moſ. Soft *Alice*, for here comes ſome body.
Alice. How now *Bradſhaw*, what's the newes with you?
Brad. *I* have little newes, but her's a Letter,
That M. *Greene* importuned me to give you.
Alice. Goe in *Bradſhaw*, call for a cup of Beere,
Tis almoſt ſupper time, thou ſhalt ſtay with us. *Exit.*

Then ſhe reades the Letter.

We have miſt of our purpoſe at London, but ſhall performe it by the way, We thanke our neighbour Bradſhaw.

Yours Richard Greene.

How likes my love the tennor of this Letter?
Mosb. Well, were his date compleate and expired.
Alice. Ah would it were.
Then comes my happy houre,
Till then my bliſſe is mixt with bitter gall.
Come let us in to ſhunne ſuſpition.
Mosb. I to the gates of death to follow thee. *Exeunt.*

Here enters Greene, Will, *and* Shakbag.

Shak. Come *Will*. ſee thy tooles be in a readineſſe,
Is not thy powder danke,
Or will thy flint ſtrike fire?

Will. Then aske me if my noſe be on my face,
Or whether my tongue be frozen in my mouth.
Zounds her's a coile, you were beſt to ſweare me on the
Interrogatories, how many Piſtols I have tooke in hand,
Or whether I love the ſmell of Gunpowder,
Or dare abide the noiſe the dagge will make,
Or will not winke at flaſhing of the fire.
I pray thee *Shakebag*, let this anſwere thee,
That I have tooke more purſes in this downe,
Then ere thou handledſt Piſtols in thy life.
Shak. I, happily thou haſt pickt more in a throng.
But ſhould I brag what booties I have tooke,
I thinke the over-plus that's more then thine,
Would mount to a greater ſumme of money,
Then either thou, or all thy kinne are worth.
Zounds, I hate them as I hate a Toade,
That carry a muſcado in their tongue,
And ſcarce a hurting weapon in their hand.
Will. O *Greene* intollerable,
It is not for mine honour to beare this.
Why *Shakebag*, I did ſerve the King at Bulloine,
And thou canſt brag of nothing thou haſt done.
Sha. Why, ſo can *Jacke* of Feverſham,
That ſwounded for a philiope on the noſe:
When he that gave it him, hollowed in his eare.
And he ſuppoſed a Cannon bullet hit him.

Then they fight.

Gree. I pray you ſirs, liſt to *Eſops* talke,
Whilſt two ſtout dogs were ſtriving for a bone,
There comes a cur, and ſtole it from them both,
So while you ſtand ſtriving on theſe tearmes of man-hood,
Arden eſcape us, and deceive us all.
Shak. Why, he begun.
Will. And thou ſhalt finde Ile end.
I doe but ſlip it untill better time,
But if I doe forget, —— *Then he kneeles downe and holds up his hands to heaven.*

Greene.

Gree. Well, take your fitteſt ſtandings, and once more
Lime your twigs to catch this weary bird,
Ile leave you, and at your Dags diſcharge
Make towards like the longing water-dog,
That coucheth till the fowling peece be off:
Then ſeazeth on the prey with eager moode,
Ah might I ſee him ſtretching forth his limmes,
As *I* have ſeene them beate their wings ere now.

Shak. Why, that thou ſhalt ſee if he come this way,

Gree. Yes, that he doth *Shakebag*, *I* warrant thee:
But brawle not when *I* am gone in any caſe,
But ſirs be ſure to ſpeede him when he comes,
And in that hope Ile leave you for an houre. *Exit* Gre.

Heere Enters Arden, Fran. *and* Michael.

Mic. Twere beſt that *I* went backe to Rocheſter,
The horſe halts downe-right, it were not good
He travelled in ſuch paine to Feverſham,
Removing of a ſhoo may happily helpe it.

Ard. Well, get you backe to Rocheſter, but ſirra ſee ye
Over-take us ere we come to Rainam downe,
For it will be very late ere we get home.

Mic. I, God he knowes, and ſo doth *Will* & *Shakebag*,
That thou ſhalt never goe further then that downe,
And therefore have *I* prickt the horſe on purpoſe,
Becauſe *I* would not view the maſſacre. *Exit* Michael.

Ard. Come M. *Franklin*, onwards with your tale,

Fran. *I* aſſure you ſir, you taske me much,
A heavy blood is gathered at my heart,
And on the ſuddaine is my wind ſo ſhort
As hindereth the paſſage of my ſpeech,
So fierce a qualme yet ne're aſſailed me:

Ard. Come M. *Franklin*, let us goe on ſoftly,
The annoyance of the duſt, or elſe ſome meate
You ate at dinner, cannat brooke with you:
I have beene often ſo, and ſoone amended.

Fran. Doe you remember where my tale did leave?

Arden. I, where the Gentleman did checke his wife.

Fran. She being reprehended for the fact,
Witnes produced that tooke her with the deed,
Her glove brought in, which there ſhe left behind,
And many other aſſured arguments,
Her husband ask't her whether it were not ſo?
Ard. Her anſwer then, *I* wonder how ſhe look't,
Having forſworne it with ſuch vehement oathes,
And at the inſtant ſo approved upon her.
Fran. Firſt, did ſhe caſt her eyes downe to the earth,
Watching the drops that fell amaine from thence,
Then ſoftly drawes ſhe forth her hand-kercher,
And modeſtly ſhe wipes her teare ſtain'd face:
Then hem'd ſhe out to cleare her voice ſhould ſeeme,
And with a majeſtie addreſt her ſelfe,
To encounter all their accuſations.
Pardon me M. *Arden I* can no more:
This fighting at my heart, makes ſhort my winde.
Ard. Come we are almoſt now at Raynum downe,
Your pretty tale beguiles the weary way,
I would you were in caſe to tell it out.
Shak. Stand cloſe *Will*, *I* heare them comming.
Here enters Lord Cheiny *with his men.*
Will. Stand to it *Shakebag*, and be reſolute.
Lord Che. Is it ſo neere night as it ſeemes,
Or will this black-faced evening have a ſhowre?
What M. *Arden*, you are well met,
I have long'd this fortnights day to ſpeake with you,
You are a ſtranger man, in the Ile of Sheppy.
Ard. Your Honors alwaies bound to doe you ſervice.
L. Che. Come you from London and ne're a man with (you?
Ard. My man's comming after,
But her's my honeſt friend that came along with me.
L. Che. My Lord Protectors man, *I* take you to be,
Fran. I, my good Lord, and highly bound to you.
L. Che. You and your friend, come home and ſup with (me
Ard. *I* beſeech your Honor pardon me,
I have made a promiſe to a Gentleman,

My

My honest friend to meete him at my house,
The occasion, is great, or else would I waite on you.
L. Che. Will you come to morrow and dine with me,
And bring your honest friend along with you.
I have divers matters to talke with you about.
Arden. To morrow we'l waite upon your Honor.
L. Che. One of you stay my horse at the top of the hill,
What, *Blacke Will*, for whose purse waite you?
Thou wilt be hanged in Kent when all is done.
Will. Not hanged, God save your Honor.
I am your bedesman, bound to pray for you.
L. Che. I think thou ne're saidst praier in all thy life,
One of you give him a crowne,
And sirra leave this kinde of life.
If thou best tainted for one penny matter,
And come in question, surely thou wilt trusse.
Come M. *Arden*, let us be going,
Your way and mine lies foure miles together. *Exeunt.*

Manet Black Will *and* Shakebag.

Will. The devill breake all your necks, at foure miles end,
Zounds I could kill my selfe for very anger.
His Lordship chops me in, even when
My Dagge was level'd at his heart.
I would his crowne were molten downe his throat.
Shak. *Arden*, thou hast wondrous holy lucke,
Did ever man escape as thou hast done.
Well, Ile discharge my Pistoll at the skie,
For by this bullet *Arden* might not die.

Here enters Greene.

Gree. What, is he downe, is he dispatcht?
Sha. I, in health towards Feversham, to shame us all
Gree. The Devill he is, why sirs how escapt he?
Shak. When we were ready to shoote,
Comes my Lord *Cheiny* to prevent his death.
Gree. The Lord of heaven hath preserved him.
Will. Preserved, a fig, the Lord *Cheiny* hath preserved him,
And bids him to a feast, to his house at Shorlow:

But by the way, once more Ile meete with him,
And if all the *Cheinies* in the world ſay no,
Ile have a bullet in his breſt to morrow,
Therefore come *Greene*, and let us to Feverſham.
Gree. I, and excuſe our ſelves to miſtris *Arden.*
O how ſhele chafe when ſhe heares of this? (doe it.
Sha. Why, Ile warrant you ſhee'l thinke we dare not
Will. Why, then let us goe, and tell her all the matter,
And plot the newes to cut him off to morrow. *Exeunt.*

Here enters Arden *and his wife*, Franklin, *and* Michael.

Ard. See how the houres, the guard at of heaven gate,
Have by their toile removed the darkſome clouds,
That *Sol* may well diſcerne the trampled pace,
Wherein he wont to guide his golden Car,
The ſeaſon fits, come *Franklin*, let's away.
Alice. I thought you did pretend ſome ſpeciall hunt,
That made you thus cut ſhort the time of reſt.
Arden It was no chaſe that made me riſe ſo early,
But as I told thee yeſternight to goe to the Ile of Sheppy,
There to dine with my Lord *Cheiny.*
For ſo his Honor late commanded me.
Alice. I, ſuch kind husbands ſildome want excuſes,
Home is a wild Cat, to a wandring wit,
The time hath beene, would God it were not paſt,
That honours title nor a Lords command,
Could once have drawne you from theſe armes of mine,
But my deſerts, or your deſerves decay,
Or both, yet if true love may ſeeme deſert,
I merit ſtill to have thy company.
Fran. Why, I pray you ſir, let her goe along with us,
I am ſure his Honour will welcome her,
And us the more, for bringing her along.
Ard. Content, ſirra ſaddle your miſtris Nag.
Alice. No, beg'd favour merits little thanks,
If I ſhou'd goe, our houſe would runne away,
Or elſe be ſtolne, therefore Ile ſtay behind.

Arden.

Arden. Nay, see how mistaking you are!
I pray thee goe.
Alice. No, no, not now.
Ard. Then let me leave thee satisfied in this,
That time, nor place, nor persons alter me,
But that I hold thee dearer then my life.
Alice. That will be seene by your quicke returne.
Arden. And that shall ere night, and if I live.
Farewell sweet *Alice*, we mind to sup with thee. *Exit.* Ali.
Fran. Come *Michael*, are our horses ready?
Mich. I, your horses are ready, but I am not ready,
For I have lost my purse,
With sixe and thirtie shillings in it,
With taking up my mistris Nag.
Frank. Why, I pray you let vs goe before,
Whilest he staies behind to seeke his purse. (Sheppy,
Arden Goe to sirra, see that you follow us to the Ile of
To my Lord *Cheinies*, where we meane to dine.
Exeunt Arden *and* Franklin.
Manet Michael.
Mich. So faire weather after you,
For before you lies *Blacke Will*, and *Shakebag*,
In the broome close, too close for you,
They'l be your Ferry-men to long home.
Here enters the Painter.
But who is this? the Painter, my Corrivall,
That would needs win mistris *Susan*.
Clarke. How now *Michael*, how doth my mistris,
And all at home?
Mich. Who, *Susan Mosbie?* she is your mistris too.
Clarke. I, how doth she, and all the rest?
Mic. All's well, but *Susad* she is sicke.
Clar Sicke? Of what disease?
Mich. Of a great feare.
Clarke. A feare? Of what?
Mich. Of a great feaver.
Clarke, A feaver, God forbid.

Mis.

Mich. Yes faith, and of a lordaine too,
As bigge as your ſelfe.
Clar. O *Michael*, the ſpleene pricks you.
Goe too, you carry an eye over miſtris *Suſan.*
Mich. I faith, to keepe her from the Painter.
Clar. Why more from a Painter, then from a Serving Creature like your ſelfe.
Mich. Becauſe you Painters make but a painting table of a pretty wench, and ſpoile her beauty with a blotting.
Clar. What meane you by that?
Mich. Why, that you Painters paint Lambes in the lining of wenches peticoates,
And we Serving-men put hornes to them, to make them become ſheepe.
Cla. Such another word will coſt you a cuffe or a knocke.
Mich. What with a dagger made of a penſill?
Faith 'tis too weake,
And therefore thou too weake to winne *Suſan.*
Clarke. Wou'd *Suſans* love lay upon this ſtroke.
Then he breakes Michaels *head.*
Here enters Mosbie, Greene, *and* Alice.
Alice. Ile lay my life this is for *Suſans* love,
Staid you behind your maſter to this end?
Have you no other time to brabble in
But now, when ſerious matters are in hand?
Say, *Clarke*, haſt thou done the thing thou promiſedſt?
Clarke. I, here it is, the very touch is death.
Alice. Then this I hope, if all the reſt doe faile,
Will catch M. *Arden*,
And make him wiſe in death, that lived a foole.
Why ſhould he thruſt his ſickle in our corne,
Or what hath he to doe with thee my love?
Or governe me that am to rule my ſelfe,
Forſooth, for credit ſake, I muſt leave thee.
Nay, he muſt leave to live, that we may love,
May live, may love, for what is life but love?
And love ſhall laſt as long as life remaines,

And life ſhall end, before my love depart.
Mosb. Why, what's love without true conſtancie?
Like to a piller built of many ſtones,
Yet neither with good morter well compact,
Nor cement, to faſten it in the joynts.
But that it ſhakes with every blaſt of wind,
And being toucht, ſtraight falls unto the earth,
And buries all his haughtie pride in duſt.
No, let our love be rockes of Adamant,
Which time, nor place, nor tempeſt can aſunder.
Gre. *Mosbie*, leave proteſtations now
And let us bethinke us what we have to doe:
Blacke Will, and *Shakebag* I have placed,
In the Broome-cloſe, watching *Ardens* comming,
Lets to them, and ſee what they have done. *Exeunt.*

Here enters Arden, *and* Franklin.

Arden. Oh Ferry-man, where art thou?

Here enters the Ferry-man.

Fer. Here, here, goe before to the boate,
And I will follow you.
Arden. We have great haſt! I pray thee come away.
Fer. Fie, what a miſt is here.
Arden. This miſt my friend is myſticall,
Like to a good companions ſmoaki'e braine,
That was halfe drown'd with new Ale over-night.
Fer. 'Twere pittie but his ſcull were opened,
To make more chimnie-roome.
Ard. Friend, what's thy opinion of this miſt?
Fer. I thinke tis like a curſt wife in a little houſe,
That never leaves her husband till ſhe drive him
Out of dores, with a wet paire of eyes,
Then lookes he as if his houſe were a fire,
Or ſome of his friends dead.
Ard. Speakeſt thou this of thine owne experience?
Fer. Perhaps I, perhaps no: for my wife is as other
Women are, that is to ſay, governed by the Moone.
Fran. By the Moone, how I pray thee?

Fer. Nay, thereby lies a bargaine.
And you shall not have it fresh and fasting.
Ard. Yes I pray thee, good Ferriman.
Fer. Then for this once let it be Mid-summer Moone,
But yet my wife has another Moone.
Fran. Another Moone.
Fer. I, and it hath influences and eclipses.
Ard. Why, then by this rekoning, you sometimes
Play the man in the Moone.
Fer. I, but you had not best to meddle with that Moone,
Least I scratch you by the face with my bramble bush.
Ard. I am almost stifled with this fog, come let's away.
Fran. And sirra as we goe, let's have some more of your
Bold yeomandrie.
Fer. Nay by my troth sir, but flat knavery. *Exeunt.*

Here enters Will *at one dore, and*
Shakebag *at another.*

Shak. Oh *Will*, where art thou?
Will. Here *Shakebag*, almost in hells mouth,
Where I cannot see my way for smoake.
Shak. I pray thee speake still, that we may meet
By the sound, or I shall fall into some ditch or
Other, unles my feet see better then my eyes.
Will. Did'st thou ever see better weather to run
Away with another mans wife, or play with
A wench at potfinger?
Shak. No, this were a fine world for Chandlers,
If this weather would last, for then a man
Should never dine nor sup without candle-light.
But sirra *Will*, what horses are those that past?
Will Why, didst heare any?
Sha. I, that I did.
Will. My life for thine, 'twas *Arden* & his companion,
And then all our labour's lost.
Sha Nay, say not so, for if it be they, they may haply
Lose their way as we have done,
And then we may chance meet with them.

Will.

Will. Come let's goe on like a couple of blind pilgrims.

Then Sakebag *falls into a ditch.*

Shak. Helpe *Will*, helpe, I am almost drown'd.

Here enters the Ferry-man.

Fer. Who's that, that calls for help?

Will. 'Twas none here, 'twas thou thy selfe.

Fer. I came to helpe him that cal'd for helpe.
Why, how now? who is this that lies in the ditch?
You are well enough served, to goe without a guide
Such weather as this. (morning?

Will. Sirra, what companions have past your Ferry this

Fer. None but a couple of Gentlemen, that went to dine
At my Lord *Cheinies.*

Will. Shakebag, did not I tell thee as much?

Fer. Why sir, will you have any letters carried to them?

Will. No sir, get you gone.

Fer. Did you ever see such a mist as this?

Will. No, nor such a foole as will rather be hought
Then get his way.

Fer. Why sir, this is no though Munday, you are deceived,
What's his name I pray you sir?

Shak. His name is *Blacke Will.*

Fer. I hope to see him one day hang'd upon a hill.

Exit Ferry-man.

Shak. See how the Sun hath cleer'd the foggy mist,
Now we have mist the marke of our intent.

Here enters Greene, Mosby, *and* Alice.

Mos. *Blacke Will*, and *Shakebag*, what make you here?
What is the deede done? is *Arden* dead.

Will. What could a blinded man performe in armes?
Saw you not how till now the skie was darke?
That neither horse, nor man could be discerned,
Yet did we heare their horses as they past.

Gree. Have they escapt you then, and past the Ferry?

Shak. I, for a while, but here we two will stay,
And at their comming backe, meete with them once more,
Zounds I was ne're so toyl'd in all my life,

In following ſo ſlight a taske as this.
Mosb. How cam'ſt thou ſo beraide?
Will. With making falſe-footing in the darke,
He needs would follow them without a guide.
Alice. Here's to pay for a fire and good cheere,
Get you to Feverſham to the Flowre-deluce,
And reſt your ſelves untill ſome other time.
Gre. Let me alone, it moſt concernes my ſtate.
Will. I miſtris *Arden*, this will ſerve the turne,
In caſe we fall into a ſecond fog.
Exeunt Greene, Will, *and* Shakebag.
Mosb. Theſe knaves will never doe it, let us give it over.
Alice. Firſt, tell me how you like my new device?
Soone when my husband is returning backe,
You, and I both marching arme in arme,
Like loving friends, wele meete him on the way,
And boldly beard and brave him to his teeth:
When words grow hot, and words begin to riſe,
Ile call theſe Cutters forth your Tenement,
Who in a manner to take up the fray,
Shall wound my husband hornesbie to death.
Mosb. Ah fine device, why, this deſerves a kiſſe. *Exeunt.*
Here enters Dick Reede, *and a Sayler.*
Sayler. Faith, *Dick Reede*, it is to little end,
His conſcience is too liberall, and he too niggardly,
To part from any thing may doe him good.
Reede. He is comming from Shorlow, as I underſtand,
Here Ile intercept him, for at his houſe
He never will vouchſafe to ſpeake with me:
If prayers and faire intreaties will not ſerve,
Or make no battry in his flinty breſt,
Here enters Fran. Arden, *and* Michael.
Ile curſe the Carle, and ſee what that will doe.
See where he comes to further my intent,
M. *Arden* I am, now bound to the Sea,
My comming to you vvas about the plot of ground,
Which vvrongfully you detaine from me.

Although

Although the rent of it be very ſmall,
Yet will it helpe my wife and children:
Which here I leave in Feverſham, God knowes,
Needy and bare: for Chriſts ſake let them have it.
Ard. Franklin, heareſt thou this fellow ſpeake?
That which he craves, I dearely bought of him,
Although the rent of it was ever mine.
Sirra you, that aske theſe queſtions,
If with thy clamorous impeaching tongue
Thou raile on me, as I have heard thou doeſt,
Ile lay theee up ſo cloſe a twelvemonths day,
As thou ſhalt neither ſee the Sunne nor Moone,
Looke to it, for as ſurely as I live,
Ile baniſh pitte if you uſe me thus.
Reed. What wilt thou doe me wrong, & threaten me too?
Nay then Ile tempt thee, *Arden* doe thy worſt,
God I beſeech thee ſhow ſome miracle,
On thee or thine, in plaguing thee for this.
That plot of ground, which thou detaineſt from me.
I ſpeake it in an agony of ſpirit,
Be ruinous and fatall unto thee:
Either there be butcher'd by thy deareſt friends,
Or elſe be brought for men to wonder at.
Or thou or thine miſcarry in that place.
Or there runne mad, and end thy curſed dayes.
Fran. Fie, bitter knave, bridle thine envious tongue,
For curſes are like arrowes ſhot upright,
Which falling downe light on the ſhooters head.
Reede. Light where they will, were I upon the Sea,
As oft I have in many a bitter ſtorme,
And ſaw a dreadfull ſoutherne flaw at hand,
The Pilote quaking at the doubtfull ſtorme,
And all the Saylers praying on their knees,
Even in that fearefull time would I fall downe,
And aske of God, what ere betide of me,
Vengeance on *Arden*, or ſome miſevent,
To ſhew the world, what wrong the Carle hath done.

This charge Ile leave with my diſtreſſefull wife.
My children ſhall be taught ſuch prayers as theſe,
And thus I goe, but leave my curſe with thee.

Exeunt Reede, *and Sayler.*

Ard. It is the railing'ſt knave in Chriſtendome,
And oftentimes the villaine will be mad,
It greatly matters not what he ſayes,
But I aſſure you, I ne're did him wrong.

Fran. I thinke ſo M. *Arden.*

Ard. Now that our horſes are gone home before,
My wife may haply meete on the way,
For God knowes, ſhe is growne paſſing kind of late,
And greatly changed from the old humour
Of her wonted frowardnes.
And ſeekes by faire meanes to redeeme old faults.

Fran. Happie the change, that alters for the beſt,
But ſee in any caſe you make no ſpeech,
Of the cheere we had at my Lord *Cheinies,*
Although moſt bounteous and liberall,
For that will make her thinke her ſelfe more wrong'd,
In that we did not carry her along,
For ſure ſhe grieved that ſhe was left behind.

Arden. Come *Franklin,* let us ſtraine to mend our pace,
And take unawares to play the Cooke.

Here enters Alice *and* Mosbie.

For I beleeve ſheele ſtrive to mend our cheere.

Fran. Why, there's no better creature in the world
Then women are, when they are in good humors.

Ard. Who is that? *Mosbie,* what ſo familiar?
Injurious ſtrumpet, and thou ribald knave,
Vntwine thoſe armes.

Alice. I, with a ſugred kiſſe let them untwine.

Ard. Ah *Mosbie,* perjur'd beaſt, beare this and all.

Mosb. And yet no horne-beaſt, the hornes are thine.

Fran. O monſtrous, nay, then tis time to draw.

Alice. Helpe, helpe, they murther my husband.

Here enters Will *and* Shakebag.

Shak.

Shak. Zounds who injures M. *Mosbie?*
Helpe *Will*, I am hurt.
Mos. I may thanke you mistris *Arden* for this wound.
Exeunt Masbie, Will *and* Shakebag.
Alice. Ah *Arden*, what folly blinded thee?
Ah jealous haire-brain'd man, what hast thou done,
When we to welcome thy intended sport,
Came lovingly to meete thee on thy way.
Thou drewst thy sword, inrag'd with jealouzie,
And hurt thy friend,
Whose thoughts were free from harme.
All for a worthlesse kisse, and joyning armes:
Both done but merrily, to trie thy patience.
And me unhappie that devised the jest,
Which though begun in sport, yet ends in blood.
Fran. Mary God defend me from such a jest.
Alice. Could'st thou not see us friendly smile on thee?
When we join'd armes, and when I kist his cheeke?
Hast thou not lately found me over-kind?
Didst thou not heare me crie, they murder thee?
Cal'd I not helpe, to set my husband free:
No, eares and all were witcht, ah me accurst,
To sinke in liking with a franticke man,
Hence-forth Ile be thy slave, no more thy wife:
For with that name I never shall content thee.
If I be merrie thou straightwaies think'st me light.
If sad, thou sai'st the, sullens trouble me.
If well attired, thou think'st I will be gadding,
If homely, I seeme sluttish in thine eie.
Thus am I still, and shall be while I die,
Poore wench abused by thy misgovernment.
Ard. But is it for truth, that neither thou nor hee,
Entendest malice in your misdemeanour?
Alice. The heavens can witnes of our harmles thoughts.
Ard. Then pardon me, sweet *Alice.*
And forgive this fault:
Forget but this, and never see the like.

Impos

Impoſe me penance, and I will performe it:
For in thy diſcontent I finde a death,
A death tormenting more then death it ſelfe.
Alice. Nay, hadſt thou loved me as thou doeſt pretend,
Thou would'ſt have markt the ſpeaches of thy friend,
Who going wounded from the place, he ſaid,
His skin was pearc'd onely through my device,
And if ſad ſorrow taint thee for this fault,
Thou would'ſt have followed him, and ſeene him dreſt,
And cride him mercy whom thou haſt miſdone,
Ne're ſhall my heart be eaſed till this be done.
Ard. Content thee ſweet *Alice*, thou ſhalt have thy will,
What ere it be. For that I injur'd thee,
And wrong'd my friend, ſhame ſcourgeth my offence,
Come thou thy ſelfe, and goe along with me,
And be a mediator 'twixt us two.
Frank. Why, M. *Arden*, know you what you doe?
Will you follow him that hath diſhonour'd you?
Alice. Why, canſt thou prove I have beene diſloyall.
Fran. Why, *Mosby* taunts your husband with the horne.
Alice. I, after he had reviled him,
By the injurious name of perjur'd beaſt,
He knew no wrong could ſpite a jealous man,
More then the hatefull naming of the horne.
Fran. Suppoſe tis true, yet is it dangerous,
To follow him whom he hath lately hurt.
Alice, A fault confeſſed is more then halfe amends,
But men of ſuch ill ſpirit as your ſelfe,
Worke croſſes and debate betwixt man and wife.
Ard. I pray thee gentle *Franklin*, hold thy peace,
I know my wife counſels for the beſt.
Ile ſeeke out *Mosbie*, where his wound is dreſt,
And ſalve his hapleſſe quarrell if I may.

Exeunt Arden *and* Alice.

Fran. He whom the Devill, drives muſt goe perforce,
Poore Gentleman, how ſoone he is bewitcht!
And yet becauſe his wife is the inſtrument,

His

His friends must not be lavish in their speech. *Exit Fran.*

Here enters Will, Shakebag, *and* Greene.

Will. Sirra *Greene*, when was I so
Long in killing of a man?
Gree. I thinke we shall never doe it,
Let us give it over.
Shak. Nay, zounds we'l kill him,
Though we be hang'd at his dore for our labour.
Will. Thou knowest *Greene*, that I have lived in
London this twelve yeeres,
Where I have made some gee upon wodden legs,
For taking the wall of me,
Divers with silver noses, for saying,
There goes *Blacke Will.*
I have crackt as many blades,
As thou hast done nuts.
Gree. O monstrous lie!
Will. Faith in a manner I have.
The bawdie-houses have paid me tribute,
There durst not a whore set up, unlesse she have agreed
With me first, for opening her shop windowes.
For a crosse-word of a Tapster,
I have pearced one barrell after another with my dagger,
And held him by the eares till all his Beere hath run out.
In Thames-street a Brewers Cart was like to have run
Over me, I made no more adoe, but went to the Clerke,
And cut off the natches of his tales,
And beat them about his head.
I and my company have taken the Constable from his (watch,
And carried about the fields on a coltstaffe.
I heve broken a Serjeants head with his owne Mace,
And bail'd whom I list with my sword and buckler.
All the ten-penny Alehouses would stand every morning
With a quart pot in their hand,
Saying, Will it please your Worship drinke?
He that had not done so, had beene sure to have had his
Signe puld downe, & his latice borne away the next night.

To conclude, what have *I* not done? yet cannot doe this,
Doubtleſſe he is preſerved by miracle.

Here enters Alice *and* Michael.

Gree. Hence *Will*, here comes miſtris *Arden.*

Alice. Ah gentle *Michael*, art thou ſure the'r friends?

Mic. Why, I ſaw them when they both ſhooke hands,
When *Mosbie* bled, he even wept for ſorrow,
And rail'd on *Franklin*, that was cauſe of all.
No ſooner came the Surgeon in at doores,
But my M. tooke his purſe, and gave him money.
And to conclude, ſent me to bring you word,
That *Mosbie, Franklin, Bradſhaw, Adam Fowle,*
With divers of his neighbors, and his friends,
Will come and ſup with you, at our houſe this night.

Alice. Ah gentle *Michael*, runne thou backe againe,
And when my husband walkes into the faire,
Bid *Mosbie* ſteale from him, and come to me.
And this night ſhalt thou and *Suſan* be made ſure.

Mich. Ile goe tell him.

Alice. And as thou goeſt, tell *John Cooke* of our gueſts,
And bid him lay it on, ſpare for no coſt. *Exit. Mich.*

Will. Nay, & there be ſuch cheere, wee'll bid our ſelves.
Miſtris *Arden, Dick Greene*, & *I* doe meane to ſup with you.

Alice. And welcome ſhall you be, ah gentlemen,
How miſt you of your purpoſe yeſternight?

Gree. 'Twas long of *Shakebag*, that unluckie villaine.

Shak. Thou doeſt me wrong, *I* did as much as any.

Will. Nay, then miſtris *Alice*, Ile tell you how it was,
When he ſhould have lockt with both his hilts,
He in a braverie floriſht over his head,
With that comes *Franklin* at him luſtily,
And hurts the ſlave, with that he ſlinkes away.
Now his vvay had beene to come hand and feete,
One and two round at his coſterd.
He like a foole beares his ſword point halfe a yard out
Of danger, *I* lie here for my life,
If the Devill come, & he have no more ſtrength then fence,

He

He ſhall never beate me from this ward,
Ile ſtand to it, a buckler in a skilfull hand,
Is as good as a Caſtle.
Nay, tis better then a Sconce, for I have tride it.
Mosbie perceiving this, began to faint,
With that comes *Arden* with his arming-ſword,
And thruſt him thorow the ſhoulder in a trice.
Alice. I, but I wonder why you both ſtood ſtill?
Will. Faith, I was ſo amazed I could not ſtrike.
Alice. Ah ſirs, had he yeſternight beene ſlaine,
For every drop of his deteſted blood,
I would have cram'd in angels in thy fiſt,
And kiſt thee too, and hug'd thee in mine armes.
Will. Patient your ſelfe, we cannot helpe it now,
Greene, and we two will dogge him through the Faire,
And ſtab him in the crowde, and ſteale away.
Heere enters Mosbie.
Alice. It is unpoſſible, but here comes he,
That will, I hope, invent ſome ſurer meanes.
Sweet *Mosbie* hide thy arme, it kills my heart.
Mosb. I, miſtris *Arden*, this is your favour.
Alice. Ah, ſay not ſo, for when I ſaw thee hurt.
I could have tooke the weapon thou letſt fall,
And runne at *Arden*, for I have ſworne,
That theſe mine eyes offended with his ſight,
Shall never cloſe till *Ardens* be ſhut up.
This night I roſe, and walkt about the chamber,
And twice, or thrice I thought to have murdered him.
Moſ. What, in the night? then had we be undone.
Alice. Why, how long ſhall he live?
Mosb. Faith *Alice*, no longer then this night.
Blacke Will, and *Shakebag*, will you two?
Performe the complot that I have laid.
Will. I, or elſe thinke me a villaine.
Gree. And rather then you ſhall want,
Ile helpe my ſelfe.
Mosb. You M. *Greene*, ſhall ſingle *Franklin* forth,

And hold him with a long tale of ſtrange newes:
That he may not come home till ſupper time.
Ile fetch maſter *Arden* home, and we like friends,
Will play a game or two at tables here,
Alice. But what of all this?
How ſhall he be ſlaine?
Moſ. Why, *Blacke Will*, and *Shakebag*, lockt within
The Counting-houſe,
Shall at a certaine watch-word given, ruſh forth.
Will. What ſhall the watch-word be?
Mosb. (Now *I* take you) that ſhall be the word,
But come not forth before in any caſe.
Will. I warrant you, but who ſhall locke me in?
Alice. That will *I*, thou'lt keepe the key thy ſelfe.
Mosb. Come M. *Greene*, goe you along with me.
See all things readie *Alice*, againſt we come.
Alice. Take no care for that, ſend you him home.

Exeunt Mosbie *and* Greene.

And if he ere goe forth againe, blame me,
Come *Black Will*, that in my eies art faire,
Next unto *Mosbie* doe *I* honor thee,
Inſtead of faire words and large promiſes,
My hands ſhall play you golden harmonie,
How like you this? ſay, will you doe it ſirs?
Will. I, and that bravely too, marke my device,
Place *Mosbie*, being a ſtranger, in a chaire,
And let your husband ſit upon a ſtoole,
That I may come behind him cunningly,
And with a towell pull him to the ground,
Then ſtab him, till his fleſh be as a ſive,
That done, beare him behind the Abby,
That thoſe that finde him murdered, may ſuppoſe
Some ſlave or orther kild him for his gold.
Alice. A fine device, you ſhall have twentie pound,
And when he is dead, you ſhall have fortie more.
And leſt you might be ſuſpected ſtaying here,
Michael ſhall taddle you two luſtie geldings,

Ride

Ride whither you will, to Scotland, or to Wales.
Ile see you shall not lacke, where ere you be.
Will Such words would make one kill a thousand men.
Give me the key, which is the counting-house?
Alice. Here would I stay, and still encourage you,
But that I know how resolute you are.
Shak. Tush, you are too faint-hearted, we must doe it.
Alice. But *Mosbie* will be there, whose very lookes,
Will adde unwonted courage to my thought,
And make me the first that shall adventure on him.
Will. Tush, get you gone, tis we must doe the deed,
When this dore opens next, looke for his death.
Alice. Ah, would he now were here, that it might open,
I shall no more be closed in *Ardens* armes,
That like the snakes of blacke *Tisiphon*,
Sting me with their embracings. *Mosbies* armes
Shall compasse me, and were I made a Starre,
I would have none other Spheres but those.
There is no Nectar, but in *Mosbies* lips,
Had chast *Diana* kist him, she like me
Would grow love-sicke, and from her watrie bowre,
Fling downe *Endimion*, and snatch him up:
Then blame not me, that slay a silly man,
Not halfe so lovely as *Endimion*.

Here enters Michael.

Mich. Mistris, my master is comming hard by.
Alice. Who comes with him.
Mich. No body but *Mosbie*.
Alice. That's well *Michael*, fetch in the Tables, (dore.
And when thou hast done, stand before the counting-house
Mich. Why so?
Alice. Blacke Will is lockt within, to doe the deed.
Mich. What shall he die to night?
Alice. I *Michael*.
Mich. But shall not *Susan* know it?
Alice. Yes, for she'll be as secret as our selves.

Mich. That's brave, Ile goe fetch the Tables.
Alice. But *Michael*, hearke to me a word or two,
When my husband is come in, locke the ſtreet dore:
He ſhall be murdered ere the gueſts come in. *Exit Michael.*
Here enters Arden, *and* Mosbie.
Husband, what meane you to bring *Mosbie* home?
Although I wiſht you to be reconciled,
'Twas more for feare of you, then love of him,
Blacke Will, and *Greene*, are his companions,
And they are Cutters, and may cut you ſhort,
Therefore I thought it good to make you friends.
But wherefore doe you bring him hither now?
You have given me my ſupper with his ſight. (gone.
Mosb. M. *Arden*, me thinks your wife would have me
Ard. No, good M. *Mosbie*, women will be prattling.
Alice, bid him welcome, he and I are friends.
Alice. You may inforce me to it, if you will.
But I had rather die, then to bid him welcome,
His company hath purchaſt me ill friends,
And therefore will I ne're frequent it more.
Moſ. Oh, how cunningly ſhe can diſſemble!
Ard. Now he is here, you will not ſerve me ſo.
Alice. I pray you be not angrie or diſpleaſed,
Ile bid him welcome, ſeeing you'l have it ſo,
You are welcome M. *Mosbie*, will you ſit downe?
Moſ. I know I am welcome to your loving husband,
But for your ſelfe, you ſpeake not from your heart.
Alice. And if I doe not, ſir, thinke I have cauſe.
Moſ. Pardon me miſtris *Arden*, Ile away.
Arden. No, good maſter *Mosbie*. (hence.
Alice. We ſhall have gueſts enow, though you goe
Moſ. I pray you maſter *Arden* let me goe.
Ard. I pray thee *Mosbie*, let her prate her fill.
Alice. The dores are open ſir, you may be gone.
Moſ. Nay, that's a lie, for I have lockt the dores.
Ard. Sirra, fetch me a cup of wine.
Ile make them friends.

And

And gentle mistris *Alice*, seeing you are so stout,
You shall begin, frowne not, Ile have it so.
Alice. I pray you meddle with that you have to doe.
Ard. Why *Alice*? how can I doe too much for him,
Whose life I have indangered without cause?
Alice. Tis true, & seeing twas partly through my means,
I am content to drinke to him for this once.
Here M. *Mosbie*, and I pray you hence-forth,
Be as strange to me, as I to you,
Your company hath purchased me ill friends.
And I for you, God knowes, have undeserved
Beene ill spoken of in every place.
Therefore henceforth frequent my house no more.
Mos. Ile see your husband in despight of you,
Yet *Arden*, I protest to thee by heaven,
Thou ne're shalt see me more, after this night.
Ile goe to Rome rather then to be forsworne.
Ard. Tush, Ile have no such vowes made in my house.
Alice. Yes I pray you husband let him sweare,
And on that condition, pledge me here.
Mos. I, as willingly as I meane to live,
Ard. Come *Alice*, is our supper ready yet?
Alice. It will by then you have plaid a game at Tables.
Arden. Come, M. *Mosbie*, what shall we play for?
Mos. Three games for a French crowne sir,
And please you.
Ard. Content.

Then they play at the Tables.

Will. Can he not take him? what a spight is that?
Alice. Not yet *Will*, take heede he see thee not.
Will. I feare he will spie me, as I am comming.
Mich. To prevent that, creepe betwixt my legs.
Mos. One ace, or else I lose the game.
Ard. Mary sir, there's two for failing.
Mos. Ah, M. *Arden* (now I can take you)

Then Will *puls him downe with a Towell.*

Ard. *Mosbie*, *Michael*, *Alice*, what will you doe?

Will.

Will. Nothing but take you up ſir, nothing elſe.
Mosb. Ther's for the Preſſing-iron you told me of.
Shak. And ther's for the ten pound in my ſleeve. (pon.
Alice. What, groneſt thou? nay then give me the wea-
Take this for hindring *Mosbies* love and mine.
Mich. O, Miſtris.
Will. Ah, that villaine will betray us all.
Mosb. Tuſh, feare him not, he will be ſecret.
Mic. Why, doeſt thou thinke I will betray my ſelfe.
Shak. In Southwarke dwells a bonny northerne laſſe,
The widdow *Chambley*, Ile to her houſe now,
And if ſhe will not give me harborough,
Ile make bootie of the queane, even to her ſmock.
Will. Shift for your ſelves, we two will leave you now.
Alice. Firſt, lay the body in the counting-houſe.
Then they lay the body in the counting houſe.
Will. We have our gold miſtris *Alice*, adue,
Mosbie farewell, and *Michael* farewell too. *Exeunt.*
Enter Suſan.
Suſan. Miſtris, the gueſts are at the dores.
Hearken, they knocke, what, ſhall I let them in?
Alice. *Mosb.* goe thou & beare them company. *Exit. M.*
And *Suſan* fetch water, and waſh away this blood.
Alice. The blood cleaveth to the ground & will not out.
Alice. But with my nailes Ile ſcrape away the blood,
The more *I* ſtrive the more the blood appeares:
Suſan. What's the reaſon miſtris, can you tell?
Alice. Becauſe *I* bluſh not at my husbands death.
Here enters Mosbie.
Mosb. How now, what's the matter? is all well?
Alice. *I*, well, if *Arden* were alive againe.
In vaine we ſtrive, for here his blood remaines.
Mosb. Why, ſtrew ruſhes on it, can you not?
This wench doth nothing fall unto the worke.
Alice. Twas thou that madeſt me murder him.
Mosb. What of that?
Alice. Nay, nothing *Mosbie*, ſo it be not knowne.

Mosb.

Moſ. Keepe thou it cloſe, and tis unpoſſible.
Alice. Ah, but *I* cannot, was he not ſlaine by me?
My husbands death torments me at the heart.
Moſ. It ſhall not long torment thee gentle *Alice*,
I am thy husband, thinke no more of him.
Here enters Adam Fowle *and* Bradſhaw.
Brad. How now Mrs. *Arden*? what aile you weepe?
Moſ. Becauſe her husband is abroade ſo late,
A couple of Ruffins threatned him yeſternight,
And ſhe poore ſoule, is affraid he ſhould be hurt.
Adam. Iſt nothing elſe? tuſh, hee'l be here anon.
Here enters Greene.
Greene. Now Mrs. *Arden*, lacke you any gueſts?
Alice. Ah, M. *Greene*, did you ſee my husband lately?
Gree. *I* ſaw him walking behind the Abby even now.
Here enters Franklin.
Alice. *I*, doe not like this being out ſo late,
Maſter *Franklin*, where did you leave my husband?
Fran. Beleeve me *I* ſaw him not ſince morning,
Feare you not, hee'l come anon, meane time
You may doe well to bid his gueſts ſit downe.
Alice. *I*, ſo they ſhall, M. *Bradſhaw* ſit you there,
I pray you be content, *I*le have my will.
Maſter *Mosbie*, ſit you in my husbands ſeate.
Mich. Suſan, ſhall thou and *I* wait on them?
Or and thou ſaiſt the word, let us ſit downe too.
Suſan. Peace, we have other matters now in hand.
I feare me *Michael*, all will be bewrayed. (the
Mic. Tuſh, ſo it be knowne that *I* ſhall marry thee in
Morning, *I* care not though *I* be hang'd ere night.
But to prevent the worſt, *I*le buy ſome rats-bane.
Suſan. Why, *Michael*, wilt thou poiſon thy ſelfe?
Mich. No, but my miſtris, for *I* feare ſhee'l tell.
Suſan. Tuſh *Michael*, feare not her, ſhe's wiſe enough.
Moſ. Sirra *Michael*, give's a cup of beere.
Miſtris *Arden*, her's to your husband.
Alice. My husband?

Fran. What ailes you woman to crie ſo ſuddenly?
Alice. Ah, neighbors, a ſudden qualme came over my heart,
My husband being forth, torments my minde.
I know ſome thing's amiſſe, he is not well.
Or elſe I ſhould have heard of him ere now.
Moſ. She will undoe us, through her fooliſhnes.
Gree. Feare not, miſtris *Arden*, he's well enough.
Alice. Tell not me, I know he is not well,
He was not wont for to ſtay thus late,
Good maſter *Franklin*, goe and ſeeke him forth,
And if you finde him, ſend him home to me,
And tell him what a feare he hath put me in.
Fran. I like not this, I pray God all be well.
Exeunt Franklin, Mosbie, *and* Greene.
Ile ſeeke him out, and finde him if I can.
Alice. Michael, how ſhall I doe to rid the reſt away?
Mich. Leave that to my charge, let me alone,
Tis very late maſter *Bradſhaw*,
And there are many falſe knaves abroad,
And you have many lanes to paſſe.
Brad. Faith friend *Michael*, and thou ſaiſt true,
Therefore I pray thee light's forth, and lend's a Linke.

Exeunt Bradſhaw, Adam, *and* Michael.
Alice. Michael, bring them to the dores, but doe not ſtay,
You know I doe not love to be alone:
Goe *Suſan*, and bid thy brother come,
But wherefore ſhould he come? here's nought but feare.
Stay *Suſan*, ſtay, and helpe to counſell me.
Suſan. Alas, I counſell? feare frights away my wits.
Then they open the counting-houſe dore and looke upon Arden.
Alice. See *Suſan*, where thy *quondam* maſter lies,
Sweet *Arden* ſmeard in blood and gore.
Suſan. My brother, you, and I, ſhall rue this deed.
Alice. Come *Suſan*, helpe to lift his body forth,
And let our ſalt teares be his obſequies.

Here

Here enters Mosbie *and* Greene.

Mosb. How now *Alice*, whither will you beare him?

Alice. Sweet *Mosbie*, art thou come?
Then weepe that will:
I have my wish, in that I joy thy sight.

Gre. Well, it hoves us to be circumspect. (him.

Mosb. I, for *Franklin* thinkes that we have murdered

Alice. I, but he cannot prove it for his life,
Wee'll spend this night in dalliance and in sport.

Here enters Michael.

Mic. O mistris, the Maior and the watch
Are comming towards our house with glaves and bills.

Alice. Make the dore fast, let them not come in.

Mosb. Tell me sweet *Alice*, how shall I escape?

Alice. Out at the backe-dore, over the pile of wood,
And for one night lie at the Flowre-de-Luce.

Mos. That is the next way to betray my selfe.

Gree. Alas, mistris *Arden*, the Watch will take me here,
And cause suspition, where else would be none.

Alice. Why, take that way that M. *Mosbie* doth,
But first convey the body to the fields.

Then they beare the body into the fields.

Mos. Vntill to morrow, sweet *Alice*, now farewell,
And see you confesse nothing in any case.

Gree. Be resolute Mrs. *Alice*, betray us not,
But cleave to us, as we will sticke to you.

Exeunt Mosbie, *and* Greene.

Alice. Now let the Iudge and Iuries doe their worst,
My house is cleare, and now I feare them not.

Susan. As we went, it snowed all the way,
Which makes me feare, our foot-steps will be spied.

Alice. Peace foole, the snow will cover them againe.

Susan. But it had done, before we came backe againe,

Alice. Harke, harke, they knocke,
Goe *Michael*, let them in.

Here enters the Maior and the Watch.

How now, M. Maior, have you brought my husband home.

Maior. I ſaw him come into your houſe an houre agoe.
Alice. You are deceived, it was a Londoner.
Maior. Miſtris *Arden*, know you not one
That is called *Blacke Will.*
Alice. I know none ſuch, what meane theſe queſtions?
Maior. I have the Councels warrant to apprehend him.
Alice. I am glad it is no worſe.
Why, maſter Maior, thinke you I harbour any ſuch?
Maior. Weare informed, that here he is.
And therefore pardon us, for we muſt ſearch.
Alice. I, ſearch,& ſpare you not, thorow every roome,
Were my husband at home, you would not offer this.
Here enters Franklin.
Maſter *Franklin*, what meane you come ſo ſad?
Fran. Arden thy husband, and my friend is ſlaine.
Alice. Ah, by whom? M. *Franklin*, can you tell?
Frank. I know not, but behind the Abby,
There he lies murdered in moſt pittious caſe.
Maior. But M. *Franklin*, are ſure 'tis he?
Fran. I am too ſure, would God I were deceived.
Alice. Finde out the murderers, let them be knowne.
Fran. I, ſo they ſhall, come you along with us.
Alice. Wherefore?
Fran. Know you this hand-towell, and this knife?
Suſan. Ah, *Michael*, through this thy negligence,
Thou haſt betraid and undone us all.
Mic. I was ſo afraid, I knew not what I did,
I thought I had throwne them both into the well.
Alice. It is the Pigs blood we had to ſupper.
But wherefore ſtay you? finde out the murderers.
Maior. I feare me you'l prove one of them your ſelfe.
Alice. I one of them, what meane ſuch queſtions?
Fran. I feare me he was murdered in this houſe,
And carried to the fields, for from that place,
Backwards and forewards, may you ſee,
The print of many feet within the ſnow,
And looke about this chamber where we are,

And you shall finde part of his guiltlesse blood,
For in his slip-shoo did *I* finde some rushes,
Which argueth he was murdered in this roome.
Maior. Looke in the place where he was wont to sit.
See, see, his blood, it is too manifest.
Alice. It is a cup of wine that *Michael* shed.
Mich. I truly.
Fran. It is his blood, which, strumpet, thou hast shed,
But if *I* live, thou and thy complices,
Which have conspired and wrought his death,
Shall rue it.
Alice. Ah, M. *Franklin*, God and heaven can tell,
I loved him more then all the world beside.
But bring me to him, let me see his body.
Fran. Bring that villaine and *Mosbies* sister too,
And one of you goe to the Flwore-de-luce.
And seeke for *Mosbie*, and apprehend him too. *Exeunt.*

Here enters Shakebag *solus.*

Sha. The widdow *Chambly* in her husbands daies *I* kept,
And now he's dead, she is growne so stout,
She will not know her old companions,
I came thither, thinking to have had
Harbour as *I* was wont,
And she was ready to thrust me out at dores,
But whether she would or no, *I* goe me up,
And as she followed me *I* spur'd her downe the staires,
And broke her necke, and cut her Tapsters throate,
And now *I* am going to fling them in the Thames,
I have the gold, what care *I* though it be knowne?
Ile crosse the water, and take sanctuary.

Exit Shakebag.

Here enters the Maior, Mosbie, Alice, Franklin,
Michael, *and* Susan.

Maior. See mistris *Arden*, where your husband lies,
Confesse this foule fault, and be penitent.
Alice. *Arden*, sweet husband, what shall *I* say?

The more I ſound his name, the more he bleeds.
This blood condemnes me, and in guſhing forth,
Speakes as it falls, and askes me why *I* did it:
Forgive me *Arden*, *I* repent me now,
And would my death ſave thine, thou ſhouldſt not die:
Riſe up ſweet *Arden*, and enjoy thy love.
And frowne not on me, when we meete in heaven,
In heaven *I* love thee, though on earth *I* did not.

Maior. Say, *Mosbie*, what made thee murder him?

Fra. Studie not for an anſwer, looke not downe,
His purſe and girdle found at thy beds-head,
Witneſſe ſufficiently thou didſt the deed,
It bootleſſe is to ſweare thou didſt it not.

Moſ. *I* hired *Blacke Will*, and *Shakebag*,
Ruffins both,
And they and *I* have done this murderous deede,
But wherefore ſtay we?
Come and beare me hence.

Fra. Thoſe Ruffins ſhall not eſcape,
I will to London, and get the Councels warrand
To apprehend them. *Exeunt.*

Here enters Will.

Will. *Shakebag I* heare hath taken ſanctuary,
But *I* am ſo purſued with hues and cries,
For petty robberies that *I* have done,
That *I* can come unto no Sanctuary.
Therefore muſt *I* in ſome Oyſter-boate,
At laſt, be faine to goe aboord ſome Hoye,
And ſo to Fluſhing, there is no ſtaying here,
At Sittingburg the Watch was like to take me,
And had not *I* with my buckler coverd my head,
And run full blanke at all adventures,
I am ſure *I* had ne're gone further then that place,
For the Conſtable had twenty warrands to apprehend me,
Beſides that, *I* robbed him and his man once
At Gads-hill,
Farewell England, *Ile* to Fluſhing now. *Exit Will.*

Here

Here enters the Maior, Mosby, Alice, Michael, Susan *and* Bradshavv.

Maior. Come make hast and bring avvay the prisoners.

Brad. Master *Arden*, you are novv going to God,
And *I* am by the Lavv condemned to die,
About a Letter *I* brought from master *Greene*,
I pray you mistris *Arden* speake the truth,
Was *I* ever privy to your intent, or no?

Alice. What should *I* say?
You brought me such a Letter:
But *I* dare svveare thou kneweſt not the contents.
Leave novv to trouble me vvith vvorldly things,
And let me meditate upon my Saviour Christ,
Whose blood must save me, for the blood *I* shed.

Mos. Hovv long shall *I* live in this hell of griefe?
Convey me from the presence of that strumpet.

Alice. Ah, but for thee I had never beene strumpet,
What can not oathes and protestations doe,
When men have opportunity to woo?
I was too young to sound thy villanies.
But now I finde it, and repent too late.

Susan. Ah, gentle brother, wherefore should I die?
I knew not of it, till the deed was done.

Mos. For thee I mourne more then for my selfe,
But let it suffice, I cannot save thee now.

Mich. And if your brother and my mistris
Had not promised me you in marriage,
I had never given consent to this foule deed.

Maior. Leave to accuse each other now,
And listen to the sentence I shall give,
Beare *Mosbie* and his sister to London straight,
Where they in Smithfield must be executed.
Beare mistris *Arden* unto Canterbury,
Where her sentence is, she must be burnt.
Michael, and *Bradshaw*, in Feversham
Must suffer death.

Alice. Let my death make amends for all my sinne.

Mos. Fie upon women, this ſhall be my ſong,
But beare me hence, for I have lived too long.
Suſan. Seeing no hope on earth, in heaven is my hope.
Mich. Faith I care not, ſeeing I die with *Suſan.*
Brad. My blood be on his head that gave the ſentence.
Maior. To ſpeedy execution with them all. *Exeunt.*

Here enters Franklin.

Fran. Thus have you ſeene the truth of *Ardens* death,
As for the Ruffins, *Shakebag*, and *Blacke Will*,
The one tooke Sanctuary, and being ſent for out,
Was mudred in Southwarke, as he paſt
To Greenewitch, where the Lord Protector lay.
Blacke Will was burnt in Fluſhing on a ſtage.
Greene was hanged at Osbridge in Kent,
The Painter fled, and how he dyed we know not.
But this above the reſt is to be noted,
Arden lay murdered in that plot of ground,
Which he by force and violence held from *Rede*,
And in the graſſe his bodies print was ſeene,
Two yeeres and more after the deed was done.
Gentlemen, we hope you'l pardon this naked Tragedie,
Wherein no filed points are foiſted in,
To make it gracious to the eare or eye.
For ſimple truth is gracious enough,
And needs no other points of glozing ſtuffe.

FINIS.

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Except onely what is not applicable to the Engliſh Tongue.

LONDON

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